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AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO A RELATIVE.\*



OUR dear Collins and I entered the Royal Academy as probationers the same week. I drew the "Torso" of Michael Angelo, I drew the "Laocoon." We drew the "Laocoon" side by side, with many now no more; poor Haydon, ardent, mistaken in some

respects, but still glorious in his enthusiasm, drew at the same time; his zeal and that of Hilton in the cause of historic Art urged me to persevere, and, by their example and precept, I certainly benefited and was encouraged. I admired the taste and feeling of Lawrence; I got my friend Fuseli to give me an introduction; for in those days "Old England" students approached by decent and regular steps the *sanctum sanctorum* of genius; now "Young England" tyros take a shorter cut, but not a better. Often without letter, sometimes without even manners, they boldly knock at the R.A.'s door, "I want a letter to the Museum," "I want a letter to the Academy." We did things differently in former times:—enough; no more of that; they will know better in time, for they are, generally speaking, well-disposed and tractable.

I got the introduction; my uncle went up to him, had an interview, was pleased, made an agreement with him to take me for twelve months, and paid down a hundred guineas for me. Oh! what a man was my uncle: with a family of his own, which he brought up most respectably, he found means and time to foster his brother's children and forward their views; he was a British merchant, and citizen of London, and worthy of the name and city. Behold me then, in the house of Sir Thomas, in an attic, the window of which you can yet see in Greek Street, Soho Square. I was left to struggle with the difficulties of Art and execution, for Lawrence's execution was perfect—playful, yet precise—elegant, yet free; it united in itself the extreme of possibilities. I tried, vainly enough, for a length of time, till despair almost overwhelmed me; I was ready to run away; my despondency increased. I was almost beside myself; here was the turn of my fate. I felt I could not get on; the incessant occupation of my master left him little time to assist me; despair of success in copying his works had well nigh swamped me; but here again is a lesson for the young; a voice within said "Persevere." I did so, and at last triumphed; but I was nearly beaten.

I had now turned the corner; difficulty fled before me, crying, "*Sauve qui peut*," and happiness and peace again dawned on me. I found copying other pictures, even the old masters, comparatively easy. The great key to Art, "power of execution," I was beginning to master; for, as Sir Thomas said, "it is a great evil when a man's ideas go beyond his powers of execution;" and so, indeed, I found it. But now I began to get my chin above water: I could before this have cried out, "Save me, O

God, for the waters are come in even unto my soul." I finished my twelvemonth. I was glad again of entire freedom and liberty to do and paint what I liked: and thinking for myself was always what I liked, when folks told me to imitate my master; but I did not like the servility of imitation. I went to the British Gallery, copied old masters, painted from nature—heads in the day-hour, and was always constant at my Academic studies, in which I took great delight. The old lofty Life Academy at Somerset House was a place which, having spent many of the pleasantest hours of my life in, I venerate almost to devotion, and Somerset House was truly a School of Art. Sir Thomas soon after employed me to copy the picture of the Queen, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a friend of mine, Lukin, a student of promise, to copy the King. We copied these in Somerset House, and my master was pleased with our copies, and I afterwards frequently worked for him at my own home; and I feel it to be a pride and pleasure to think that I enjoyed the friendship of this brilliant and benevolent individual to the lamented period of his premature death, which cut me to the heart. Silently but secretly making my way by daily and nightly study over the difficulties and dangers of my Art, I laid the foundation of that extensive knowledge of the human figure, male and female, which the practice of so many years of pains and studies must give.

"By slow degrees to noble Art we rise,  
And long, long labours, wait the glorious prize."

When one night in the 'Life,' Fuseli was visitor, I threw aside the chalk and took up my pallet, set with oil-colour, and began to paint the figure. "Ah, there," says Fuseli, "you seem to be at home;" and so I truly felt. Living in daily contact with men like these, the heart must be cold that catches not an inspiration, even if he had not any of his own; the contact and collision elicited correspondence; electric sparks and fire are the offspring of such sparks.

About this time my brother went his sixth and last voyage to India (in one of which they fought, for forty-six minutes, the *La Forte* French frigate of forty-four guns, and he was complimented by his Captain on his bravery); and my beloved uncle died and left us. The kind care of that dear uncle did not cease with his breath; bountiful and benevolent to the last, he bequeathed at his death a handsome legacy to enable me to prosecute my studies. When I saw him on his death-bed, it was, indeed, a lesson of grief and pathos, and yet of consolation. It was the death-bed of a good man—a Father, a Friend, and a Christian. I can never forget its moral force. I burst into a flood of tears at this touching scene. These are things that forcibly impress the heart, the soul, the body. He was gathered to his kindred, and I was left again without a home like a paternal one. I took lodgings, and continued my studies. I had friends, and kind ones, who stood by me and supported me. I worked away, "*nulla dies sine lineâ*." I am not sure that mine is good Italian or Latin, but plain English I seldom have passed a day without inditing a line or two. I painted heads from nature, copied from pictures, worked from living models, at the Royal Academy, studied anatomy, sketched from prints after the antique, drew from the antique, but painted from the golden effects of light by night, and found my notions of light and colour my favourite themes. I established theories of action of the human figure—endeavoured to compose my groups on the principle I had drawn from an extended study of nature, not only in the studio and the Academy, but in the streets, fields, rooms, or wherever the spontaneous actions of the figures presented themselves; for on this mainly depends their grace, truth, and beauty of action and attitude.

"Faith is the spur, that the clear spirit doth raise,  
To scorn delights and live laborious days."  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury—

About this time of my life circumstances occurred, which, as the recounting of them may form a useful lesson to my younger brethren of art, I will be rather explicit about. I tried for

all medals, gold and silver, and never got any of either class; this was not all, I was defeated, and foiled and baffled in a much more vital road to fame. I had seen, like most others, the bad and mediocre things that more or less get into all modern exhibitions, and thought I could surely do better than they; I boldly set to work therefore, nothing doubting; I got one, two, three, perhaps half-a-dozen pictures of some sort or other ready; ordered smart gilt frames, and boldly sent them, properly marked, and list of prices, I have little doubt, and *tout au fait*, as I thought. I slept unconscious of my hard fate, dreaming probably of the success that I supposed awaited me; for that ill weed, vanity, will spring up in the human mind, do what you will. In due time I went to inquire their fate; Samuel Strowger, the R.A. porter and only male model, brought forth the book of fate—"Four out, sir, and two doubtful!" There was a blow! Well, still there is hope! two, no doubt, will get in.—No, all were returned; both at the Royal Academy and British Gallery year after year! Can this be—am I awake? where are all my dreams of success—the flattering tale of hope—where? Driven almost to madness, the sun shone no sunshine on me; darkness visible enveloped me, and Despair almost marked me for her own. After the first paroxysm of grief and disappointment had subsided, I began to weigh the matter more calmly, but deep was the wound my vanity and self-conceit had received; but it was a deep cut, in order to cure. I began to think I was not half the clever fellow I had imagined, and indeed I even began to suspect I was no clever fellow at all. I thought there must be some radical defect; my master told me the truth in no flattering terms; he said I had a very good eye for colour, but that I was lamentably deficient in all other respects almost. I believed him. I girded up my loins, and set to work to cure these defects. I lit the lamp at both ends of the day. I studied the skeleton, the origin and insertion of the muscles; I sketched from Albinus. I drew in the morning, I painted in the evening, and after the Royal Academy, went and drew from the prints of the antique statues of the Capitoline, the Clementina, Florentine, and the other galleries, finishing the extremities in black-lead pencil with great care. This I did at the London Institution in Moorfields. I returned home, kept in my fire all night to the great dismay of my landlord, that I might get up early next morning before daylight to draw; in short I worked with such energy and perseverance to conquer my radical defects, that at last a better state of things began to dawn, like the sun through a November fog; and though I did not get a medal from an informality in my part, I gained it in point of fact, for my picture was esteemed the best, and Mr. West said of it, it would one day be sold for a Titian. I had what was better, a high compliment paid me, from the President's chair, by Sir Martin Shee, on my copy of the Ganymede of Titian. I then sent a small picture to the British Gallery, highly finished and carefully wrought; it made a considerable noise. I sent a larger the same year to the Royal Academy, it made a still greater noise—"The Coral Finders." "The Cleopatra" was the next year, Sir Francis Freeling my patron. It made a great impression in my favour. Sir Thomas jocularly said to me of it: "They, the public, leave Marc Antony"—meaning himself—"whistling in the market-place, and go to gaze on your Cleopatra." "The old Times" even deigned to notice me, though as much in the shape of a castigation as in any other; but still the *Times* noticed me. I felt my chariot wheels were on the right road to fame and honour, and I now drove on like another Jehu!

I notice these things more definitely, my young friends, that you may not in the darkest days despair; press on "for the mark of your high calling." Difficulties and dangers dragon-fanged will beset your path, but let "valiant and constant" be the motto on your shield; you will need both qualities—Valour, moral courage to triumph over obstacles, and constancy in your perseverance in good.

In the summer of 1822, in company with a friend, whose kind attention I shall ever remember with gratitude, I set out for Italy

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—for Rome. It was one of the hottest summers ever known. We went *vid Paris*; the heat there and on the route was terrific. We arrived in Rome the time of year for the malaria. I went to Naples and escaped it, and here I received great kindness from Henry Vint, Esq., since the respected Mayor of Colchester; who did not let his kind attentions cease in Italy, but sent to me in England a beautiful cast, size of life, of the celebrated statue of the Grecian Shepherdess, the original in the museum of Naples. I drew from the antiques, visited Baïe and the Elysian fields, drew the Tauro Farnese in the gardens by the sea. And here also, in this gentleman's residence on the Piazza Falconi, after the labours of the morning in the Museum were passed, he used to take me home to dine with him; regaled me with red mullets and other delicacies, and Lachrymæ Christi wine, and, after all, last, not least in my estimation, tea, in the English style. Here then, cheered by his conversation and hospitality, I almost forgot my cares and pains, and passed several very pleasant hours. "Vasi et altre antiqui" elegancies of the olden time decorated his apartments, which were in a lofty part of Naples, commanding a superb view of the beautiful bay and coast; here, till the live-long daylight failed and the sun dipped behind the mountains, I sat. Look below! there are the numerous Neapolitan fishing-boats spreading their winged sails and standing out to sea; and hark! what sound is that which sweetly rises on the evening breeze, wings its way on high, rising like an exhalation!—it is the fisherman's song to the Virgin. How like the Æolian harp, melodious, mysterious; now swelling on the ear, now dying like a dream away; well might Lord Byron say,

"Ave Maria! Blessed be the hour!"

All is again silent. The sea-breeze rises and shakes the casements; the night steals on, and with her comes the silver moon, shedding her soft light on this enchanting scene. And lo! to the left, like another Chimera, Vesuvius; belching forth smoke and fire,—the mountain is most active to-night. Away I fly in a curious Neapolitan cabriolet, to the foot of the mountain. "What, ho! a guide, Salvatore," "Eccola! Signore Eccellenze." "What, ho!" Salvatore the guide was called, I bargained with him, and began the ascent on foot; the roads were stony and steep, the way was long, but the wind was not very cold. I was, indeed, intensely hot with the exertion; a peasant from some orange-gardens gave us some oranges fresh from the trees, which I took with eagerness and pleasure, and pressed on. After long toil we arrived about ten or eleven o'clock at the hermitage. Knock, knock! Father Francisco! Again we knock, again we wait; at last a dark brown figure of a monk with lamp and hood appeared, like a well painted picture by Spagnoletto; he led me to a chamber brought some bread and cheese and wine, and left me to repose on a hardish couch. I slept, however, as well as my fatigues and the explosions of the mountain would let me. Now, you would imagine all Woolwich and the ordnance were having a field-day, though it was dead of the night; fitful gleams and flashes of lightning glance, and the mountain shook under me. At a signal given by my guide I again started, and up the cone of ashes was now our difficult and toilsome ascent; I sunk back into the ashes at least half the distance of each step, and the heat burnt my boot-leather, my breath was well nigh gone with fatigue, exertion and heat. On we scrambled,—*rispetto un poco!* I must rest: and sat me down on a great lump of scoria for a few minutes, panting for breath; I thought my heart would not be able to send its tide fast enough to get up the very steep ascent. I take hold of the guide's girdle and that helps me a little; but it was a fearful struggle to gain the wished-for point, and then, gracious heaven!—what a scene of hell opened upon my astonished eyes,—the crater vomiting from its deep-mouthed caves, thousands of tons of red-hot stones and lava, with the explosion of loud thunder, flashes of lurid lightning, and sulphurous flame. The dark blue sky and moonlight pale formed the *fondo* from which this awful scene stood out like an apparition. Behold me then, alone, in the dead

hour of midnight on this lofty pinnacle, with an Italian of whom I knew nothing before, throwing out, as is the custom, defiance, threats, to *Il Diavolo*, who seems to "answer them aloud," by new explosions; intoxicated almost with this grand, yet appalling, scene. After staying some time we began to think of retracing our steps, this was much less fatiguing and more pleasant; in descending, day began to dawn, and Naples! its beautiful bay, Pausilippo, Baïe, and the coast, spread beneath us like a map. I dived into the damps of Herculaneum, cold as it was, and washed off the lava dust in the blue sea of Naples.

While here, we pic-nicked in the palace gardens of Pompeii; plucked delicious grapes grown on the ashes of two thousand years, which yet covered two-thirds of the interesting city. We rambled over its amphitheatres, its temples, its gardens, its streets, its houses, and its tombs; and after viewing its statues, its pictures, its various refinements, arrived at nearly the same sage conclusion that Solomon had come to some thousand years before us, viz.: "that there is little or nothing new under the sun;" there, beneath a serene and delicious sky, with weather so hot, and roads, so far from being sloppy, we were up to the axle-trees in dust; there, I say, lifting up our admiring eyes to the clear sky, and seeing the giant mountain heave its noble front before us, in sunshine, and still throwing forth its smoke, the evidence of its internal and eternal fires, it seemed to say to us, "My fine fellows, if you say there is nothing new under the sun, you must at least allow, on seeing me, there is something old, and though old, has not yet lost his power to fulfil the mandates of its Maker, as it has done before," and which, sure enough, was sufficiently proved about three weeks after, when that part of the cone on which I stood on the night of my ascent, was blown into the air, and the whole outline of the upper part of the mountain changed by a tremendous eruption, which sent its torrents of red-hot lava rolling down the mountain sides, and its ashes into the distant city of Naples itself.

It has been my happy lot through life to have met on all occasions with tried and valued friends, who, through evil report and good report have stood by me, and with the blessing of God, assisted me materially in gaining the station I have done. With thankfulness and gratitude, I acknowledge it to the latest hour of my life; the names of D'Orville, Vint, E—a, and many more, will live engraven on my heart.

To form a just estimate of a man's character, one should know his weak points as well as his strong ones. One of my prevailing weaknesses was a propensity to fall in love! Perhaps, however, it is a weakness I would not wish to be incapable of, but what a miserable madness it is—though not without *ces delices*. When I ascended Vesuvius, and when in the horrors of the French revolution, I was deeply, desperately, and almost hopelessly, in love! My heart within was a volcano of itself.

What a magic there is in sweet sounds, especially when applied to the noblest of all human purposes,—devotion to the Supreme Being! I have heard a lark, looking like a speck of gold in the azure sky, quivering its little throat and wings, and singing its matin song at the gate of Heaven for near an hour, untiringly; this I saw over my friend Pugin's castle, at Ramsgate. "Surely," said I, "something holy lodges in that breast, if it were only by physical strength sustained it must drop to the earth." No, a portion of the spirit that awoke David's lyre and Judah's harp, sustained it. I have heard the *Agnus Dei* of Mozart in York Cathedral, and in Westminster Abbey's dim religious aisles, till the soul was dissolved in ecstasy and tenderness indescribable, but I shall never forget the Neapolitan fisherman's Vesper Hymn, as it rose on the wings of the sea-breeze that night.

I now returned to Rome, and began to paint in the Borghesi Palace, and the Capitol, and then visited at intervals the paintings and places of interest, by the kindness and attention of my friend; worshipped the Apollo Belvidere in his shrine, and the Laocœon, and not last nor least, the Cupid and Psyche inimitable! Visited Tivoli, Frascati, painted from nature, studied the

antique, lingered in the marble halls, or the all-glorious Vatican, enriched with inspirations from Raphael, grandeur from the mighty Michel Angelo. Still I had another goal to start for, and which I burned with desire to see—that was Venice! Dear Venice—Venezia, cara Venezia!—thy pictured glories haunt my fancy now! Venice, the birth-place and cradle of colour, the hope and idol of my professional life, its towers and campanelles rising like exhalations from the bosom of the Lagoon, the Queen of Isles. I hear the bells from the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, the gondola glides, the dark gondola. Stanzas of Tasso and Ariosto are sung beneath my windows; the scene enchants me, even in a dull day in November. I felt at home most in Venice, though I knew not a soul. I had good letters, however, and soon found friends. Mr. Eastlake kindly gave me a letter to Harry D'Orville, our Vice-Consul, Hopner, our Consul, were both friends to me; the first, D'Orville, proved a most invaluable friend; he took me to his house and hearth and treated me like a brother: such I must ever esteem him. Cherished by him, I soon began my important labours in sucking, like a bee (for I really was industrious), the sweets of Venetian colour. Nostra Paolo—divine! Nostra Tintoretto, el Tiziano, de grand Tiziano Vicelli, Bassano, Bonifacio, and all the radiant glories of that beloved city, which seemed to love and cherish me as I loved it. Its grand and glorious Accademia where the godlike statuary after the antique stand in a circle, and hold their council. It is one of the best appointed and most complete Academies of Europe. Here I studied, and they did me the honour to elect me an Honorary Academician. Charleston, America, gave me the first diploma, Venice the second, England the third; last, not least in my estimation—

"Titles may lend a gloss unto your name,  
But *Virtue* only is the life of Fame."

A sentiment in which I cordially concur. I worked in the day in the cold marble halls till my fingers were almost petrified. I worked at night in the Life Academy; the professor used sometimes to come to me and say if he was to prick my study with a pin it would bleed.

Dr. Franklin pithily remarks "If you want a thing done, go yourself; if not, send;" I know he is right in the remark: as a proof characteristic at once and illustrative of the maxim, I give you the following extract taken from one of my Italian sketch-books:—"I was leaving dear Venice for a season, burning with the desire of copying, large as life, the celebrated picture of Titian, 'The Venus of the Tribune,' taken once by Buonaparte to Paris, but now restored to its own shrine. Off I went in a gondola across the Lagoon to Terra Firma, Lago Scurio, and that interesting and melancholy feudal city, Ferrara, its towers and drawbridges and prisons, pregnant with recollections of Tasso, Ariosto, and those times of old. I was, luckily, well armed with some good letters to some of our embassy in Florence or I should have lost my labours; the governor of the gallery was an amiable man, but unluckily, his second in command was a Jack-in-office, and bothered me not a little. Kept one waiting ten days doing nothing, but we mastered my gentleman at last, and brought away the lady in triumph. On this long journey then I was bent; 'over the hills and far away' was the object of my admiration; but deep was the desire to accomplish my object. Bologna the Fat (*il grasso*) was reached, a charabanc for the mountains was bargained for, and I began the ascent in the forlorn hope of overtaking by that means a vetturini who had, a few hours before, departed for Florence, as we were told, with a short complement of passengers. I had visited Verona and Mantua, the scene of Romeo and Juliet, and Shakespeare; the scene also of the glorious composition of Giulio Romano in the Palazzo del T.,—saw the smooth-gliding Minicinus crowned with vocal reeds; 'Mantua gave me birth, Naples or Calabria saw me die,' says the epitaph of Virgil. Mantua is a strong city, the key of Italy, and very interesting. But I must go—Florence is before me, my friends are waiting who accompanied me from England; I must reach Florence by Sunday night, this is Saturday. 'Very well, so you shall; but not so fast.' It was only a few



hours before dark I had bargained with the owner of this charabanc, sedia, or one-horse chair, in order to overtake the departed Vetturini, being assured by the proprietor we should certainly overtake it at Logano or Scargolasino, the first twenty, the other twenty-five miles from Bologna; as the Vetturino would certainly sleep at one or the other of these places that night. Well, I got my passport and set off with all the speed the poor tired horse would let us, which was not very great; when I was leaving Bologna I had a presentiment we should not overtake our Vetturino, but I had a pressing necessity for getting on with all speed, and it is well I did so, or my friend would have left Florence; as it was, I just caught him in time. But to return to our story: on we went, over one mountain and down another, till the man who, I think, had not been in this part before, and his poor horse, Pistole, seeing mountain succeed to mountain, began to cry out it is quite "a scala," or ladder, and seemed out of heart. I stooped at a cottage a little off the road to get a draught of milk, if possible, for it is very difficult in these parts; and I let the man go on, thinking I could easily overtake him; but I had stayed so long taking the milk and bread, for I was both thirsty and hungry, that after running till I was out of breath, no signs appeared of my fellow or his horse Pistole. I thought it odd, and ran again, which in those up and down hill roads is no joke; I came to a farm-house and inquired if they had seen my vehicle; they said he had passed. Well, I followed as fast as I could, I stopped and listened,—heard nothing; halloo!—no answer. I thought it very strange, but kept running on; till at last, tired and almost exhausted, I came in sight of him, and felt very much inclined to give him a good scolding; however, as it was partly my own fault, I let it pass. Over hill and over dale, till the shades of night began to fall; poor Pistole was very tired, we got out and walked to help him on, and walked a long way. Dark night now came on and we saw nothing of the Vetturino, but kept dragging on till eleven o'clock, then on searching the sedia I found my Italian grammar missing, which I had left in the carriage when I began to walk; it was a book not only useful to me in the language, but made now doubly valuable by my having, while at Rome, filled the blank leaves thereof with sketches from the figures of Michael Angelo, sketched from the originals in the Capella Sistina. Here was a loss, what could I say? I could not expect the poor horse, Pistole, to look behind him and take care of it, poor thing; he had enough to do to drag himself along, and as for the driver, he was much the same: what was to be done then? I was much annoyed, and thought I must give it up for lost; however, about half past eleven we came in sight, at the bottom of a valley before us, of a light, not a Will-o'-the-wisp, but a true light; for that we made, and found it was the village of Logano, the first village of the two: the man asked me if we should stop here. Fatigued as we all were I instantly determined to stay, but the Vetturino we had come in chase of had not stopped there that night. Well, I did not like losing my book; tired as I was I made known my loss, and search was again made about the vehicle,—but no book; well, I soon determined, and asked for a candle and lantern at a miserable inn at a miserable village, in the heart of the Apennine mountains. The landlady had brought out a little candle in her hand; I asked her for it, but she said it was too small to last, and she was right. I waited and waited, and seeing no lantern brought I was obliged to be more imperative; some said "You had better send a man, do you want a man?" but I, knowing that if I hired a man, I should lose both book and the scudi, for I should have to pay him, determined to go myself, on Dr. Franklin's principle. At last the lantern and lamp are brought; 'tis now near midnight. I never shall forget it,—the miscreants around me,—one says, "Mind, if you break that lantern, you have five paoli to pay." "Bene." And they being angry because I had not employed one of them, sneering and laughing at my hopeless chase, and one called out as I was starting, "Vederla."—See him. I cared not; I had determined. I answered him ironically in the same

spirit, "Addio caru,"—Farewell, dear friend, and off I went; and when I had got some little distance from the village began to examine the road very scrupulously. I went over this hill and over that, yet saw no signs of my book; nothing but dust and stones, but still kept moving on, sometimes stopping to listen. I thought it was a wild adventure. At midnight in the midst of these vast and lonely mountains, to walk back in the dark several miles in search of this book; proceeding onwards and onwards and yet unsuccessful, I began to think somebody had picked it up,—persevered, however, now and then stopping to listen. The awful silence of midnight in these vast regions was broken only by the shrill note of the cicala; a thin crescent of the moon was fast dipping towards the horizon in a mass of dark clouds. Pacing along the road, I came to a something, large and dark, in the pathway, and, on putting my light to it, I found it was an immense toad; it eyed me with its brilliant diamond eye, and I bade it good night; when suddenly I heard at a distance, men's voices, boisterously singing. They came nearer and nearer, they passed; it was a group of mountaineers returning home, by degrees their voices died away in the distance, and all was again silent and dark and lonely. Still pressing forward and forward, till I thought there was little or no hope of seeing my lost treasure again, and was beginning to think of tracing my steps back to the distant Logano, when lo! I came all at once on a squarish brown mass in the light-coloured road, and stooped, it was my book. That moment repaid all I had suffered and endured; I knelt down in thanks, I kissed my book, and I know not what other extravagance I committed in my joy.

Thus then, at a considerable distance from the village we had stopped at, I found my lost treasure, and returned with it to the inn; at some distance from thence I found the mountaineers who had passed me had bivouacked on the road, some slept, others, who saw my lamp glide by them like a Will-o'-wisp, turned and looked at me, walking like a ghost at that untimely hour; my lamp began to wax very dim and flickering; however, I went back to the village with a much lighter heart. I entered the village; all was silent, but the dogs barking as they heard me pass; I knocked at the door—a woman and the driver had sat up for me; I showed them my book, took my lamp, and retired to my room; a coarse earthenware jug stood on a rude table with water to wash myself; almost overcome with heat and fatigue, I lifted the jug to my lips, and thought it so delicious, I drank it nearly all, then threw myself on the bed and slept sweetly and soundly till the Sabbath morn awoke me.

After this I proceeded to Florence; found my friend E—waiting. He received me with his usual kindness. He forwarded my views as to copying the "Venus," which I completed. We then returned to Venice together, and proceeded with our studies, and after some time, to Paris.

Behold me then, after a year's sojourn in dear Venice, and with labour infinite returning back to Florence, to copy Titian's celebrated Venus, large as life; after difficulties were surmounted I was allowed to copy it, and brought it and numerous copies and studies—studies of all the numerous pictures and works I had set my mind to do—and having got with difficulty through the various Doganas, and States and snowy mountains and seas, I brought them in safety—stopping and copying and painting in the Louvre as I returned in 1824, having spent about two years of my life in Italy and France. I came with a mighty case of studies and treasures of Art to my little home in Lambeth, one frosty moonshiny night, in the winter of 1824; icicles hung to my hair, and the capote which had almost boiled in Italian suns was stiff with ice; a warm fire and dear friends received me, and I was soon at home, and the next night saw me at my post on the Academic bench.

Pandora, formed by Vulcan, and crowned by the Seasons, from Hesiod, claimed my first attention, and a picture of eight or nine figures, with accompaniments, was begun and finished in a few weeks, and sent to the exhibition of the Royal Academy; my dear master, Sir Thomas

Lawrence, bought it, and the Royal Academy elected me an Associate for it.

"Strike! while the iron is hot," said my beloved master; striking at the time his own thigh to "suit the action to the word." And again, "You see what may be done by a little courage," was another word of encouragement.

I have had my beacon star to lead me on and guide me; it has been one of hope, industry, and perseverance; and this reminds me, that I never see a star hanging alone on the blue vault of heaven, like a beautiful silver crescent or sparkling diamond, that I do not feel, or fancy I feel, its holy and mysterious influence. It is like the eye of heaven looking afar on us in this nether sphere, and one feels afraid to think or act anything not quite in unison with its pure, lofty, and radiant apparent intelligence! My dear departed friend, Cottingham, the eminent Gothic architect (whose noble offer to restore York Minster, free of professional charge, must ever endear him to my heart and to all the lovers of the Gothic), had just the same feeling of the influence of a star which I have.

Like many other men, my character has been much misunderstood by some—not a few—because I have preferred painting the unsophisticated human form divine, male and female, in preference to the production of the loom; or, in plainer terms, preferred painting from the glorious works of God, to draperies, the works of man. I have been accused of being a shocking and immoral man! I have even heard my bodily infirmities—brought on, in a great measure, by my ardent devotion to my Art, and studying in hot rooms in Life Academies—turned against me; and, unacquainted with my temperate habits, been accused of drinking. I confess my sin, I am fond of drinking, but only an harmless beverage, tea; and I certainly venerate the memory of the man, be he who he may, who invented tea, and to any who thus calumniate me I forgive, and only ask them to examine my life. That I have had errors and failings too many, I know, and trust to the goodness of God to forgive; but it is a duty I owe to myself to state, what I do with sincerity, that in whatever station I found myself thrown, whether printer's devil or Royal Academician, my honest endeavour has been to do my duty in it to the best of my power; a principle I can with confidence recommend to all who may come after me, and one to which they will never regret to look back upon.

My next important work was the "Combat, or Woman Pleading for the Vanquished," to illustrate the beauty of Mercy:—

"Mercy is like the gentle dew from heaven;  
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

It made a great impression in my favour. "The History of Judith," in three colossal pictures; "Benahab, one of David's chief captains;" "The Origin of Marriage," from Milton, bought by the Marquis of Stafford; "Ulysses and the Syrens;" "Joan of Arc," in three colossal pictures; making in all nine pictures exceeding the natural size, and numerous other works, which others may, but I cannot recollect, but if put together, would fill almost Westminster Hall, in size, number, and space. Of their merit or demerit I let others judge; suffice it for me to feel I have endeavoured in this life to earnestly and seriously do my duty; a principle I can with confidence recommend in the language of the immortal Nelson: "England expects thus every man this day will do his duty." And here I will recommend to my younger brethren pursuing the Art, that whether they follow High Art, or Low Art, let their aim in the Profession be excellence, and encouragement will follow as a necessary consequence; let their conduct in life—their aim, be virtue, for its own dear sake, as well as excellence in their beautiful Art for its own sake. And happy will be the day they make this their firm determination; the prize of happiness and glory will be within the reach of minds so constituted; but if neglectful alike of their true honour and

\* It would be injustice to my kind and generous patrons the Artists of Scotland, who so nobly set the example as encouragers of the highest class of Art, not to offer them here my grateful acknowledgments of their very liberal purchase of most of my efforts in the Epic class of Art, and trust they may prove to them a source of that golden reward they so well deserve.



that of their noble Art, they degrade it and themselves by base views and improper conduct, bitter will be the fruits; if they use the opportunities of an artist for the purposes of vicious indulgence, a miserable mistake will blight their prospects, and the sun of prosperity and hope will cease to shine on their labours. As a worshipper of beauty, whether it be seen in a weed, a flower, or in that most interesting form to humanity, lovely woman, in intense admiration of it and its *Almighty Author*, if at any time I have forgotten the boundary line that I ought not to have passed, and tended to voluptuousness, I implore His pardon; I have never wished to seduce others from that path and practice of virtue, which alone leads to happiness here and hereafter; and if in any of my pictures an immoral sentiment has been aimed at, I consent it should be burnt; but I never recollect being actuated in painting my pictures by such sentiment. That the female form, in its fulness, beauty of colour, exquisite rotundity, may, by being portrayed in its nudity, awake like nature in some degree an approach to passion, I must allow, but where no immoral sentiment is intended, I affirm that the simple undisguised naked figure is innocent. "To the pure in heart all things are pure." My aim in all my great pictures has been to paint some great moral on the heart: "The Combat," THE BEAUTY OF MERCY; the three "Judith" pictures, PATRIOTISM, and self-devotion to her country, her people, and her God; "Benaiah, David's chief captain," VALOUR; "Ulysses and the Sirens," the importance of resisting SENSUAL DELIGHTS, or an Homeric paraphrase on the "Wages of Sin is Death;" the three pictures of "Joan of Arc," RELIGION, VALOUR, LOYALTY and PATRIOTISM, like the modern Judith; these, in all, make nine colossal pictures, as it was my desire to paint three times three.

After my nine large pictures, the following are a few of my principal works:—

"The Judgment of Paris," formerly painted for Lord Darnley.\*

"Venus attired by the Graces," the Rev. E. P. Owen.

"The Wise and Foolish Virgins," Mr. Serjeant Thompson.

"Hylas and the Nymph," Mr. Serj. Thompson.

"The Dance described in Homer's Shield," a gentleman of Liverpool.

"The Prodigal Son—I will arise and go to my Father,"—Child, Esq.

"The Beryl of Fair Women," Milton. Duke of Sutherland.

"The Pont d' Sospiri," Venice—my excellent friend Macready had painted with an incident corresponding with its sad name. Studied in Venice by moonlight and daylight in a gondola.

"The Destruction of the Temple of Vice—And He sent evil Angels amongst them," Henry Payne, Esq., Leicester.

"Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," Gray's Poema. R. Vernon, Esq.

"The Three Pictures of Joan of Arc," R. Collis, Esq., 168, New Bond Street.

"The Rape of Proserpine," J. Gillott, Esq., Birmingham.

"La Fleur de Lis," William Withered, Lynn.

"Adam and Eve at their Morning Orisons," the late William Beckford, Esq.

"The Prodigal in the Depth of his Misery," the late William Beckford, Esq.

"The Prodigal's Return to his Father and Home," Marquis of Lansdowne.

"Pandora," Joseph Neeld, Esq., M.P.

"The Parting of Hero and Leander," Joseph Neeld, Esq., M.P.

"Diana and Endymion," H. Monro, Esq.

"The Death of Hero and Leander," R. Thorp, Esq., Alnwick.

"The Graces," Cupid and Psyche.

"To arms! ye brave!"

"The Coral Finders," R. Nicholson, Esq., York.

"Amoret freed by Britomart from the Power of the Enchanters."

\* This fine picture is in the hands of Mr. Warr, who is engraving it on a scale and in a manner worthy of the painter and the subject.—Ed. A. J.

"Robinson Crusoe wrecked on a Desert Island returning thanks to God for his Deliverance."

"Somnolency," G. T. Andrews, Esq., York.

"Magdalen," the Rev. J. Spencer, York.

"The Good Samaritan," my kind and attentive medical friend, R. Cartwright, Esq., London.

"Samson betrayed by Delilah," Alexander Grant, Esq., Manchester.

"Judgment of Paris," Joseph Gillott, Esq., Birmingham.

"The Three Graces," Joseph Gillott, Esq., Birmingham.

"Zephyr and Aurora," William Withered, Esq., Lynn.

"The Innocent are gay," R. Nicholson, Esq., York.

I had almost forgotten an event in my life which was remarkable. In 1830, I followed to Paris some friends of mine, and was soon involved in all the alarm and hubbub of what the French call "the three glorious days." If glory consists in bloodshed, and the upsetting of all moral and social order, then I agree this was glorious; but I don't think it does; however, there I was in the lion's mouth, and never shall I forget. I was advised to stay in doors, but I could not. I was out every day, and often in dangerous circumstances. "If I am to die," I said, "let me die in the open air." I was painting in the Louvre when grape shot was pouring on the populace, by the Pont Neuf, and musketry rattling everywhere. I was nearly going the next day when the mob rushed through like a torrent, carrying all before them. I had five studies to bring down from the upper end of the Louvre, and my painting-box; the porter thrust them into a cupboard behind the door, I never hoped to see them again; the storm was raging without, and in getting along the streets home, I found to my surprise I was unwittingly walking up to the muzzle of a loaded cannon. This was in truth "seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth."

It was, indeed, a scene of horrors, to tread on the blood-stained pavement of Paris, to see the wounded, the dying, and the heaps of dead with black and horrid hair, clotted with blood; to smell the putrescent bodies as you passed the pits in which they were thrown; to hear the cries of "Vive la Charte," mingled with the roar of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, the deep tone of the tocsin of Notre Dame, and the sharp call of alarm, the pick-axe pulling up the pavement for barricades, the crash of lamps, the crackling of fires of destruction, the clatter of cavalry, formed a hell of sounds in the dread hour of the night which would have almost frightened the dead. The moon looking calmly on this scene of death, and seeming to smile.

"Oh that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest," thought I, and God decided that I should escape. Three days of this, and then triumph! A day or so after the consummation of the terrific Three Days' conflict and the flight of Charles Dix, it became in Paris most sultry, and the evening most oppressive. I had been to Montmartre to see my lady friends, and on leaving them I retired home to my garret bed-room, assured that something was coming. Now and then a faint blue flash of lightning lit the air, and the wind sighed mournfully along the corridor. Another flash, and then the wind louder, the trees shook, the shutters banged, and tingle tangle fell the glass, and then a silence like the grave. No rain, no thunder as yet: it was something awful beyond belief; the lurid lightning flashing almost without interval, broken only by the fury of the whirlwind. Be it known, that the army of Marmont, with a formidable park of artillery, was yet true to its master, and within a few leagues of Paris, which he had threatened to storm, and put all he met to the sword. The distant growl of "thunder heard remote," now stole upon the ear. "Gracious heaven!" the Parisians cried, in terrific groups on the landing-places, "It is the artillery of Marmont! ALL IS LOST!" And nothing was ever more like. Now nearer he comes. He must be at Montmartre. Louder rolls the thunder, peal after peal; the heavens one ceaseless blaze of blue fire; descends the rain in torrents. I never witnessed anything like it—I really thought the end of all things

was at hand. After a night of horrors, the still grey peep of morn slowly came on. The revolutionists said the storm was a judgment on the exiled monarch; the royalists said it was heaven's anger against the Parisians. I bided my time, watched the opportunity, with difficulty got passports and places in the Diligence, and true to my charge, like a knight of old, whose favourite motto is "Valiant et Constant," I brought my female friends, a young lady and her mother, my five copies and myself, safe to Dover. It was a fine day, I went on Shakespeare Cliff and turned to the tranquil blue sea that divides us from France. It was just like Landseer's picture of "Peace." "Happy England," said I, "if only thou art sensible of thy true happiness!"

I should be unjust as well as ungrateful were I to write this memoir of my life without putting on record my opinion of an Institution to which I owe so much, and to which the public and the country owe so much—I mean the Royal Academy of London—an institution I have pride and pleasure in stating, after an experience of upwards of forty years, having gone through all its grades from probationer to the highest of its honours I am ambitious of; having done this and had that experience of its laws, constitution and management, the zeal, integrity, and chivalrous sense of duty which actuates its officers, I am, as I said, happy to say it is in every respect worthy of the country, and of the proud station it holds; and I hope to live to see the day when the public and the country will appropriate that institution in a way more correspondent with its merits than they appear to me hitherto to have done.

In conclusion, then, my life has been, since I was free from bondage, and pursuing the retreating phantom of Fame, like the boy running after the rainbow; my life has been, I say, (with the exception of some dark thunder-clouds of sorrow, disappointment and deprivation) one long summer's day; spent in exertions to excel, struggles with difficulty, sometimes Herculean exertions, both of mind and body; mixed with poetic day-dreams, and reveries, by imaginary enchanted streams. I have passed sweetly and pleasantly along, now chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and regretting my inability to do greater and better things; but God is good, and I desire in all my thoughts to give Him glory in the highest, that He has blest me and mine with a fair reputation and the solid comforts of life in a degree beyond my deserts; and I now retire from the arena, with the best feelings of peace and good-will to my brethren of the Art, for their uniform kindness, consideration, and support, in my long professional career.

And not only to my brethren the artists, but to all classes in that noblest of all European cities, London! my gratitude is due, from my generous patrons, to my respected tradesmen, my good, well-disposed, and attentive models, and to others my best recollections are due and cheerfully paid.

But before finally taking leave of my young friends, the students in Art, amongst whom I well know there are many amiable and promising young men, I will take the freedom, as a retiring veteran and friend, to say a few words that they may imprint on their minds "AN INVINCIBLE DESIRE TO EXCEL IN THEIR NOBLE ART: to be an honour to their country, a credit to their friends and themselves, and THE FAITHFUL SERVANTS OF GOD. To be always attentive to His public worship and ordinances, and strictly to respect His Sabbath of rest to the soul:" otherwise, as I have myself, I am sorry to say, formerly experienced, a neglect of this makes us too much attached to the world, too much "of the earth, earthy," for the artist, of all men, ought to be intellectual, spiritual, virtuous. If the students and followers of the Art, from this my precept and example, are induced to do these things, and to make them their guide through life, they will have reason to bless the day on which your application induced me to write this record of my life.

Your affectionate cousin,

W. ETT.

York, November, 1848.



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C. STANFIELD, R.A. PAINTER.

J. COUSEN, ENGRAVER.

VENICE  
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE VERNON GALLERY



## THE ETCHING CLUB.\*

THIS is the fifth annual production of the Etching Club, from whom thus proclaiming themselves indissolubly

"Married to immortal verse,"

we may reasonably hope to see a succession of labours of love. This is opening the store of the eclectic subject-matter of our literature, and albeit we had rather see it painted than etched, these essays may serve in some degree to point the attention of those who think not for themselves, to other sources than those which as common stock supply the never-failing quota to every exhibition. Each couplet of this quaint poem supplies a paintable theme, but according to the spirit of the verse, although many may be treated with much elevation, there are none of the images that may be dealt with in severity, and the majority would suffer even from gravity of treatment. The illustration of "L'Allegro" is of course to be followed by that of its pendant "Il Penseroso," though far more penetrating than either is the elegiac spell of "Lycidas," which we humbly think as a whole surpasses any one given eclogue of Virgil, and successfully competes with the sweetest verse of the Greek minors—from first to last the poem is a piece of the purest classic composition, but withal charmingly simple, for we never forget that

"—Old Dæmonias loved to hear his song."

The local imagery of "L'Allegro" is commonplace, having been suggested to Milton by the rural scenery surrounding his house at Forest Hill, near Oxford. The book is brought out with much taste; the style of the typography is that of the seventeenth century, and the poem is printed from the edition of 1645. The Etching Club consists of seven members—Thomas Creswick, A.R.A., H. J. Townsend, Frederick Taylor, C. W. Cope, R.A., John C. Horsley, R. Redgrave, A.R.A., and C. Stonehouse. The first plate represents the consignment of Melancholy to the "Cimmerian desert;" it occupies the entire page, and is the production of Mr. Cope.

"Hence, loathed Melancholy!  
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy."

The lower part, according to the letter of the verse, shows the Stygian shore, with a variety of impersonations appropriately characterised. The apostrophe is pronounced by a Spirit whose presence brings an effulgence, which contrasts powerfully with the lower part of the composition. The passage

"Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee," &c.

is treated by Mr. Townsend with a nice elaboration, which entitles the plate to be called an engraving rather than an etching; the figures are numerous, and all conceived to the tripping character of the verse. Mr. Creswick contributes a plate from the lines

"To hear the lark begin his flight," &c.

This is also a finished engraving—the material being a view over an expanse of English landscape seen under an effect of sunrise. Nothing can be more successful than the sky in this vignette.

Mr. Redgrave contributes a composition equally elaborate with those already named, from the passages

"And every shepherd tells his tale."

The figures here are two, a shepherd and shepherdess, the former opening a gate for his flock. Mr. Stonehouse illustrates

"Meadows trim with daisies pride,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;"

in a charming vignette, in which is maintained throughout the true spirit of etching; it is a broad landscape with water, trees, and distance, all made out with a most agreeable variety of tone.

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes"

is rendered by Mr. Horsley; she is seated at her toilet-table, and accompanied by the items which may be associated with a beauty of the seventeenth century. The episodes of *Faerie* are pictured by Redgrave, Cope, and Townsend; the last describes the feats of the "drudging goblin," particularly his achievement of the work of ten able-bodied men on the thrashing-floor, where we see him working with the flail with extraordinary effect. Creswick's "tow'ed citie" is a beautiful plate, a composition of Rhenish material treated with a Venetian efful-

\* "L'Allegro," illustrated by the Etching Club. Published by J. Cundall.

gence. The contributions of F. Tayler are few; he has two vignettes on the eighteenth page from passages well suited to his genius. The former of these represents the state and circumstance of a tournament; the latter shows the event of a joust *à l'outrance*; a knight is overthrown and his adversary presses upon him with his lance; the conception and treatment are full of spirit. The last plate by Horsley is a subject that would paint admirably—it is one among

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
On summer eves by haunted stream;"

in which a shadowy elfin procession is detailed with fine effect.

These plates are all wrought out in a spirit of graceful poetry suiting well with the sentiment of the text; they are nearly all finished engravings, in which opinion we are well assured we should be supported by Rembrandt van Rhyen. Could he look out from his unknown whereabouts, he might be induced to tell us precisely in how many minutes by Amsterdam clock he etched Six's bridge while waiting for the mustard at the table of his friend.

It is highly gratifying to see a number of accomplished artists associating together for the purpose of illustrating the poetical literature of their country; it stamps them as men of the right mould, whose delight is in their Art, and in the varied practice which it suggests. The little "bits" which this and the preceding publications of the Etching Club contain, are gems whose beauty of design and execution carry us back to the "olden time," when the great masters of painting did not deem it derogatory to their fame to handle the etching needle.

## THE VERNON GALLERY.

## VENICE.

Painter, C. Stanfield, R.A. Engraver, J. Cousen.  
Size of the Picture 2 ft. 11½ in. by 2 ft.

THIS picture, a "View on the Canal of the Giudecca, Venice," was painted in 1836. Though not one of those works of mark with which Mr. Stanfield has so often adorned the walls of the Royal Academy, it is still one of those beautiful transcripts of nature which, besides charming us as a work of Art, carries us unwittingly to the original locality, and so separates from our thoughts every idea unassociated with the immediate scene before us, that we are for the moment unconscious that it is a picture we are looking at.

To the right is a fine block of houses peculiarly Italian, and indeed Venetian in its character. The blinds, the roofed terrace, and balcony, bespeak the sunny clime; and the style of building, the watery way, and the waiting gondolas, that it is Venice that is before us. The church (De' Gesuati) in the middle ground is a prominent and beautiful feature, and the retiring buildings with the tall campanile, and the view of the distant mountains, present a combination of beauties which the queen of the Adriatic can alone afford.

The unloading felucca and the lounging Greeks to the left, remind us of the former greatness of Venice when it was the emporium of the west for the trade of the Levant; and they at the same time inspire us with a hope that its prosperity will yet return to it under a good government.

This is an example of that kind of picture, in painting which Mr. Stanfield is *facile princeps*; whether we regard the present or the past, he displays a power of picturing land and water to an extent never yet exhibited in the same individual. Such works as "Trafalgar," "Mount St. Michael," and "Sarazens," are singly sufficient to ensure a painter's immortality, and yet these works are but a very small section of the magnificent contributions of this distinguished painter towards the glory of the British School of Art. River, coast, or ocean scenery, we have been made familiar with all, by Mr. Stanfield's indefatigable pencil; from the sunny ripple of Como's beautiful lake, to the furious ocean wave, under the rage of the tropical monsoon.

The examples of Mr. Stanfield's productions in this collection, though beautiful works in their class and degree, may not be considered as conveying an adequate idea of his great powers; but we trust that the time is not very remote when we shall see one of his greater works adorning the walls of our National Gallery.

[In reference to this engraving, Mr. Stanfield writes us thus:—"I am much pleased with the plate, and am certain you could not have chosen better with regard to the engraver."]

## ANCIENT SHIPS.

THE prowess of King Richard I. was a favourite theme with the ancient poets, they were never weary of recounting his deeds in metrical tales, or of singing them to the harp on "high holidays." He was the *beau idéal* of a hero in the middle ages. Possessing herculean strength, he is reported to have been able by a stroke of his axe to cleave a Saracen to the chine, as easily as he could "rob the lion of his heart." He was described as merciful and courteous to those of his enemies who properly submitted themselves; but he showed no pity to the "foul paynims" who had in keeping the Holy Land; and even when fair ladies of the Saracenic faith approached with love-gifts, he would without compunction to Soldan's daughters declare to their messengers—

"I shall not wed with an hethen hounde;"

which being considered as the right mode of carrying out true principles in those rude days, was applauded to the skies; and Richard became the personation of all that was true in faith and brave in war.

His adventures in Palestine was a favourite theme; and the old romance which describes them, and which Weber in the introduction to his *Ancient Metrical Romances*, says was no doubt written before 1300, as it is referred to in the Chronicles of Richard de Gloucester and Robert de Brunne, gives us many powerful pictures of his prowess. There is a curious relation of a sea-fight which occurs as Richard is on his journey to Acre, which will be an interesting illustration of these actions. Richard perceives a

"—dromond\* so heavy fraught  
That scarcely might it sail aught."

This large ship is going toward the Saracens laden with corn, wine, and other provisions, and with "wild fire" and "Greek fire" for defence; the latter being unused by the English army at this time, but it was a famous defensive agent often alluded to, and believed to be the parent of modern gunpowder. Richard calls up his captain, Aleyn Trenchemer, and orders him to put off in a row-boat, and inquire who they are. He speaks to the captain, who answers in good English. Aleyn is not convinced that they are no "pagans," and insists on having speech with the men. He is answered decisively—

"With no more men shall you speak here.  
They were this night in a sore tempest,  
And now they lie and take their rest."  
'Certe,' said then good Aleyn,  
'To Kinge Richard I will seyne  
That ye are all Saracens,  
Charged with corn and rich wines.'  
The Saracens started up all preste;  
And said, 'Fellow! go, do thy best!  
For King Richard and his galleys,  
We would not give two pennes for thee!'

Cœur-de-Lion is not the man to allow such braggarts to escape, he is delighted at the opportunity of assaulting them; his men row with a hearty cheer towards the Saracens, "as fast as an arrow from a cross-bow." The battle is well told:—

"Then were the Saracens armed well  
Both in iron, and in steel;  
And stood on board, and foughten hard,  
Against the doughty King Richard."

\* I must refer the reader to the first paper, p. 9, for a description of the kind of vessel here named, or to the conclusion of the present one.

† All in a crowd.  
‡ Say.  
§ In this, as in all other quotations from mediæval romance poetry, I have modernised the spelling only, as I was anxious to show how smoothly the old versifiers occasionally told their tales. By the substitution of a modern word of the same meaning and measure as the old one, I hope to make my readers know that these old poets felt as strongly, and described their scenes as powerfully as their modern brethren. For myself, I must own to the exquisite pleasure I have had from the earliest youth in reading the works of these grand old minstrels, who had the keenest appreciation of the beauties of nature, and who never missed a chance of describing her beauties, the harmony of birds, or the loveliness of fair maidens, which they delect upon with the true heartiness of a genuine poet. It is a pity their works should be classed among "all such reading as was never read," and confined to the shelves of the antiquary. Is there no good man and true, among the modern brethren of the lyre, who will rescue his elder brethren from the cave of oblivion!



And King Richard and his knights  
Slew the Saracens down rightes;  
And as they gan to worke them woe,  
Ever they stood up mo' and mo';  
And rapped on them, for the noses;  
Stern strokes with hard stones,  
Out of the top-castle on high,  
That Richard was never his death so nigh."

These top-castles are exhibited in the cut here given, and were placed at the top of each mast; they held one or more warriors, with a proper



supply of arrows, javelins or stones, to annoy the enemy. The second of our figures affords a good illustration of the quotation given above. The soldier in this instance is supplied with arrows to use also, the shafts of which are seen behind him. While employed in casting the stone, an arrow from the opposing vessel has transfixed him. It may be readily supposed that these men in the top-castles had a very marked and dangerous position. It was impossible to avoid an arrow in such an exposed and isolated situation: archers were at this time wonderfully expert, and the mischief these topsmen did, would make them especial marks for their arrows. The first figure in the cut casting his "bolt" or large heavy arrow upon the enemy, is a curious and valuable illustration of the ordinary modes of defence adopted in these early times.

As Richard approached the dromond in his galley, he rowed boldly into that vessel, and "the frond" or iron spike in the head of the galley broke "a large quarter" of the vessel away, which fell into the sea. If the reader will refer to the last part of the preceding paper, he will see a curious representation of such a galley as this of Richard's. It is filled with armed soldiers, who carry cross-bows, axes, slings, and spears. A knight in front carries a gonfanon, emblazoned with the arms of the commander. The steersman, who manages the helm, encourages their valour by sounding a war-note on the horn. At the sides the rowers are placed; the vessel is banded with iron, and a strong projecting spike is in front, which, when the galley was strongly rowed into a larger vessel, could scarcely fail of breaking a dangerous hole in it, or perhaps sinking the ship.†

The battle between Richard and the Saracens waxes hot; and the action, and the prowess of the King is thus powerfully told:—

"Then came seven galleys behind,  
To that dromond quick saynde;‡  
And on board stood baron and knight,  
To help King Richard for to fight.  
A strong battle there began,  
Between them and each heathen man,  
With swords, spears, darts keen,  
Arrows and quarrells; flew between;  
All as thick, without stint,  
As hail, after thunder dint.  
And in the byker‡ that was so hard,  
Into the dromond came King Richard.  
When he was come in, in haste  
He placed his back unto the mast,  
With his axe that he over-wrought,  
Hastily his death he caught.¶

\* For the purpose, on purpose.  
† In a battle between the English and French in 1217, many vessels were sunk by galleys with iron prows, which stove in their sides.  
‡ Sailing.

§ The square-headed arrows shot from cross-bows.  
¶ The fight, or melee.  
|| All those over whom he lifted his axe speedily caught death.

Some he hit on the bacyn,\*  
That he cleft them to the chin;  
And some to the girdlestead,†  
And some unto the ship's brede;‡  
Some in the hals,§ so hit he,  
That head and helm flew into the sea;  
For no armour withstood his axe,  
More than a knife is stayed by wax."

The vessel of the King of Antioch is thus gorgeously described:—

"Richer on sea was never non;  
It was as white as the whale bone;  
And every nail with gold begrave,||  
Of pure gold was the stave;¶  
Her mast was of Ivory;  
Of samyte \*\* the sail intirely;  
Her ropes were off tucly silk,††  
All as white as any milk.  
That noble ship was all without  
With cloth of gold spread about.  
And her loof and her wyndas,  
Of azure, forsooth, it was."

The description given by the poet of Richard's first equipment for the Holy Land and the lading of his vessels is curious:—

"Many folk that the cross would nomen,‡‡  
To King Richard they were comen;  
On horse and foot, well apparelled;  
Two hundred ships were well victualled,  
With strong hauberk, swords, and knives;  
Thirteen ships were laden with hives  
Of bees; of timber great schydsy clong,§§  
He had made a tower full strong;  
That quaintly engineers made;  
Therewith there ships were well lade.  
Another ship was laden yet,  
With an engine called Robinet.  
It was Richard's own mangonel,|||  
And all the tackle that thereto fell."

But it was Richard's brother, King John, whom Sir Harris Nicolas considers as the founder of the Royal Navy. He constructed ships for his own defence, and his orders for their government was minute and particular. Gallies and galliasses were the principal vessels of war, but another kind of vessels termed "long ships," are also named at this time; they were probably only another species of galley, and were used for coasting. Another kind of ship, termed "Cogs," were also used as coasting vessels, and for conveying passengers to France. Merchant-vessels were called Schuyts and Snakes. The first term is evidently borrowed from the Dutch; the second reminds one of the dragons and serpents of the old sea-kings. The largest kind of vessel at this time, it is satisfactorily proved, had but one mast and one sail. The king's vessels were occasionally lent to seaport towns for their defence, they themselves finding the men; and on occasions of emergency the king made use of the merchant-vessels.



Allusion has been already made to the manner in which the sails of these ancient ships were decorated with heraldic bearings. The king's own sailing vessel displayed the three lions of the English royal coat; and we here give an engraving, representing the royal ship, with the sail properly emblazoned, copied from the Manuscript by Matthew Paris, alluded to at p. 9 of our former article.

\* The basinet or iron helmet, such as is seen worn by the men in the top-castle in our cut.  
† The place for the girdle, the waist.  
‡ The ship's deck.  
§ Neck.  
|| Engraved. ¶ Rudder. \*\* A rich Eastern silk.  
†† Silken stuff, probably derived from *toile de soie*.  
‡‡ Take. §§ Great billets of wood fastened together.  
||| A warlike machine for throwing stones, generally used to batter down walls.

script by Matthew Paris, alluded to at p. 9 of our former article.

In the reign of Henry III., the crew of the King's "great ship" consisted of only thirty men, besides the commander and officers; and from documents of the time it is clearly established that ships had but from fifteen to twenty men each; that one Cog carried twenty-six, and the rest sixteen, with their masters.

The largest ship of this country did not, it is presumed, much exceed eighty tons. Twenty was about the number of horses they could carry, and a thousand seams of wheat was apparently their heaviest cargo. Of the galleys, an idea may be formed from the size of their sails, only 200 yards of canvas being required for the sail of the king's vessel.

The great seals of the old sea-port towns of England are particularly valuable for the illustrations they afford of our early naval architecture.



The vessel represented on that of the town of Winchelsea is delineated in our cut. The bows and sterns of the vessels were alike. A short fighting deck termed the *bellatorium*, or fore and stern-castle, surmounted the extremities of the ship. In the fore-castle was erected the standard of the royal arms, or the arms of the commander; the cross of St. George was emblazoned on the flag at the top-mast. In the stern-castle were placed trumpeters who are so frequently represented in these old seals that the custom of having them on board must have been common. Beneath this castle sat the steersman, who still guided the vessel with his side-paddles. The cabins were reached by descending beneath these castles, and the principal cabin was termed the *Paradise*; a name prostituted in the middle ages to designate any place, merely neat or clean, and which modern luxury, (or even comfort) would pronounce unbearable.

We now hear of the crew of a vessel consisting of a hundred and ten mariners; these facts show that ships were beginning to be built larger than hitherto, and larger than represented in old seals and drawings. But the fault of these representations is the same one that has been already pointed out in the earlier ones we have engraved, the mariners are too big for the boats: indeed down to the beginning of the fifteenth century, this fault is predominant; and we occasionally meet with drawings of ships of war with three or four armed heads only seen in them, which are in themselves large enough to fill the vessel and leave no space for the bodies.

The largest vessels, Sir H. Nicolas says, that were at this time in use, had two masts, (fore and main-mast,) with two square sails; but they had "no bowsprit, and the foremast raked considerably over the bows." Vessels with two sails are mentioned in 1270 as going on a voyage to Sicily, but these he considers to have probably been Feluccas. Nascelles are mentioned at this time, which appear to have been small vessels or barges; and Caravels, which would seem to be of Spanish origin.

A minute account of the ships that were sent against the Isle of Anglesey during the war with the Welsh, in 1277, is preserved, and affords some useful information. The fleet consisted of eighteen ships, all of which were furnished by the Cinque Ports, except a dromon (literally



"dromedary," *dromedarius*) belonging to Southampton, and four other vessels, one of which was called the *Rose*. Sir H. Nicolas, in his "History of the Navy," p. 290, says:—

"Numerous ships were purchased in 1282 for the expedition against the Welsh, the account of the cost of which, and of the money paid in wages to the sailors, on that occasion, still exists. Each ship had one master and one constable, both receiving 6*d.*, and the sailors 3*d.* a-day. The price of the ships varied from 4*l.* to 13*l.*, which proves that they must have been very small vessels, for double the largest of these sums was then paid for anchors and cables for the king's ships and galleys; and 4*l.* 3*s.* were expended on small ropes, iron nails, and in making *clayes* for them. A galley, however, cost 45*l.*; and a new barge with its rigging, bought at Romney, for the king's service, and a new barge built and fitted out at Winchelsea, cost altogether 80*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* The crews of the ships and Cogs of the Cinque Ports,—one of which was called 'The Cow,' and another 'The Holy Cross,'—as well as others, were paid by the Crown, and the whole expense incurred was 1404*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*"

He then gives a curious detail of the stores, provisions, and other necessities of the "great ship" which, in 1290, was sent from Yarmouth to Norway to bring thence the king's daughter, the Lady Margaret. Besides the necessities of ale, beef, pork, and stock-fish, they had also figs, raisins, saffron, and *ginger-bread*; though the latter was probably expressly obtained for the use of the fair ladies. Among the necessities were wax torches, tallow candles, cressets, lanthorns, napkins, wood, and biscuit; to which were added a banner of the king's arms, and a silk streamer for the ship.

Imperative commands were sent on the 12th of August, 1325, to every sea-port, north and west of the Thames, to despatch all ships of fifty tons and upward to Portsmouth by the end of the month, well armed, and furnished with double rations, for the war with France.\* The commanders and masters of these ships were enjoined to serve in person, and to place themselves under Kyriel, the admiral of the said fleet; and if any of them did not proceed to the appointed rendezvous, he was to be seized and his name sent to the king. All captains and masters of ships of less burthen than fifty tons were to remain with their vessels in their several ports, and not on any account, for fishing or other cause, to quit them until the king gave orders to the contrary. If any such vessels were found at sea, they were to be seized by the admiral, and their masters imprisoned.

No fact in the naval history of the thirteenth, and early part of the fourteenth century, is more remarkable than the piratical habits of the sailors of this and other countries. During a truce or peace, ships were boarded, plundered, and captured by vessels of a friendly power, as if there had been an actual war. Even English merchant-ships were attacked and robbed, as well in port as at sea, by English vessels, and especially by those of the Cinque Ports, which seem to have been nests of robbers; and judging from the numerous complaints it would appear that a general system of piracy existed, which no government was strong enough to restrain. Remonstrances and demands for satisfaction, were constantly made by one sovereign of another, for some aggression committed by his subjects at sea; and when justice was not obtained, letters of marque and reprisals were granted, which were, in fact, permission for individuals to take the law into their own hands, and to obtain compensation for their own private injury from any innocent countrymen of the aggressor. A striking instance of the *real* beauty of that pseudo-romantic period which novelists delight in calling "the good old times!"

One remarkable instance is the case of William

\* About 1323, according to Walsingham, three admirals of the three coasts of England, namely, Sir John Sturmy, Sir Nicholas Kyriel, and Sir John de Felton, having the custody of the sea, with full power to "invade, harass, and destroy" all merchants of France, put to sea with a fleet of ships belonging to Yarmouth, Portsmouth, and the western ports, and soon captured one hundred and twenty Norman ships, which they brought to England. To this circumstance Walsingham attributes an "inexorable hatred between the two kings."

de Huntingdon, who, having in 1314 made a voyage to Dublin, went into that city to pay the customs on his ship and merchandise, when one John de Lung of Bristol with other "malefactors and pirates," captured and carried off his ship, with all the goods and merchandise on board, and afterwards maliciously burnt the vessel.

In 1323 or 1324, the ship *Annet* of Dittoh, laden with fish for the king's use, was boarded between Lynn and Oxford, by John Russell and others, of Spalding, who killed the crew and took the vessel to Seaford where they sold the ship and cargo.

In a MS. in the British Museum (20. D. 1.), written in Italy in the early part of the fourteenth century, are representations of ships, with two masts, supported by shrouds which in some instances have ratlines; the foremast is the largest; but both carry only one large square sail. Both masts are surmounted by top-castles in which the flag-staff is placed with a long pencil or streamer from it. At the stern and sometimes in front of the vessel, is an elevated platform termed a stage, castle, or bellatorium, in which the best soldiers were placed, and where the banner was displayed in times of peace, guarded by a single armed man, as seen upon the great Seal of Rye. The reader will notice that the paddle for turning is still retained at the side of the ship. The small row-boat beside the vessel, and which belongs to the ship, is of value, as it shows their form at this period. Above the sides of the vessel the heads of the warriors encased in their helmets will be seen, and the crown which surrounds that of the monarch appears in the centre. This cut is a good illustration of what has been said before of inaccurate and thoughtless drawing; the heads of these

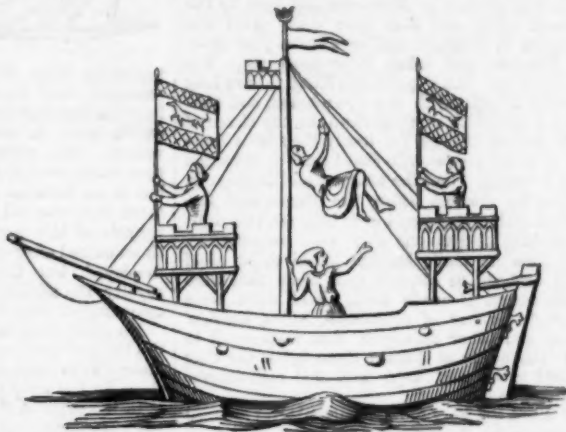


armed men bear no proportion to the size of the ship; while in the vessel nearest the spectator, the rower appears no bigger than one of their heads. It is Hogarth's false perspective outcome!

Sir H. Nicolas observes that the professional reader will be surprised that no bowsprit, nor any fore and aft-sail is mentioned; which fact, together with the imperfect apparatus for steering, renders it difficult to suppose that these vessels could have kept their wind within at least seven or eight points; so that they could only have made progress when sailing large or before the wind. In some illuminations of the fourteenth century, ships are however represented with a kind of short bowsprit, to which a stay is attached from the fore-mast; but it does not support any sail; and it was not until comparatively a very recent period that a jib or stay-sail appears to have been introduced. It is also remarkable that a pump is not said to have been in any of these ships.

A point of much nautical interest now arises, and upon which some light can be thrown,

though the question involved cannot be definitely settled. Great doubt has long existed about the invention of the modern rudder; and no English Antiquary has traced it to an earlier date than the middle of the reign of Edward III. Cruden in his *History of Gravesend* observes that the modern rudder occurs to the ship on the coin called "a noble," struck by that monarch. Like every other subject connected with maritime affairs, this has received much of Monsieur Jal's attention in his admirable "*Archæologie Navale*," and after stating that the old plan of steering a vessel by a paddle on each side was not abandoned until long after the improvement was discovered, which agrees with finding ships represented with paddles in manuscripts of a much later date than these in which the modern rudder is seen, and that paddles are still used by the "burchii" at Venice, he refers to the Seal of the City of Damme attached to a charter in the year 1328. That curious Seal



contains a ship with a fore and stern-castle, in each of which is a man holding a banner; it has only one mast, and no yard or sail, but there is a short bowsprit with a rope from the outer end leading in over the bows. The shrouds, or rather stays, go from the top of the mast to the bow and stern, and a man is sliding down one of them. At the stern is the present rudder, with pintle and gudgeons; and the tiller was shipped over the rudder-head, instead of being placed in a cavity through it.

Sir Harris Nicolas, however, believes that he has obtained earlier evidence of the use of the modern rudder than this, and quotes a manuscript in the Royal Collection, British Museum, (20. A. 5.) which he considers may be safely assigned to the commencement of this century, probably about the year 1300, in which ships are represented with a rudder at the stern, and a man steering with a tiller.

The top-castles at this time contained from three to six choice soldiers armed with quarrells, (the large square-headed arrows already spoken of) and stones.\* Men were impressed for the king's service and ships also. The sailors were paid threepence a-day; which was higher pay than was given to the foot-soldiers who had but twopence; still it was less than was paid to the mechanics, such as carpenters, masons, smiths, and sawyers, who received as wages fourpence a-day; plasterers and men of less skill had threepence, which was the pay of the sailor.

The rich burghers of Bruges now decorated their ships gorgeously; and among the other appointments we are informed that the trumpeters had silver trumpets. Our cuts show these adjuncts to martial glory, which are frequently mentioned by old annalists. That noble old poet, Roger Minot, describes the Spaniards who sailed forth—

"In a summer's tide,  
With trumpets and tabors,  
And mickle other pride."

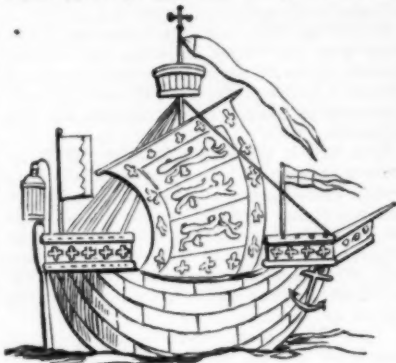
\* In the battle between the French and Flemish in 1304 we are told that the soldiers in the top-castles hurled stones as large as leaves upon the Flemings, who under cover of their shields strove in vain to shoot them.

Edward III is more identified with our early naval glories than any other English King; he was styled "King of the Sea," a name of which he appears to have been proud; and in his coinage of gold nobles, he represented himself, with shield and sword standing in a royal ship, "full royally apparelled" as if asserting that sovereignty. He fought on the sea under many disadvantages of numbers and ships; and in one instance battled till his ship sunk under him. The English merchantmen and other vessels had been seized by the French, and the King went nobly forth to defend his subjects. He met the French fleet at Sluys, having with them the English ship, Christopher. Froissart has described the scene so well that I will quote his account:—"The King of England and his retinue came sailing till he came before Sluys; and when he saw so great a number of ships that their masts seemed to be like a great wood, he demanded of the master of the ship what people he thought they were; he answered and said, 'Sir, I think they be Normans, laid here by the French King, and they have done great displeasure in England, and have burnt your town of Hamton, and taken your great ship, the Christopher.' 'Ah!' quoth the King, 'I have long desired to fight with the Frenchmen, and now shall I fight with some of them, by the Grace of God and St. George, for truly they have done me so many displeasures that I shall be revenged and I may.' Then the king set all his ships in order, the greatest before the others, well furnished with archers, and ever between two ships of archers he had one ship with men-at-arms, and then he made another batell to lie aloof with archers, to comfort ever them that were most weary, if neede were. And there were a great number of countesses, ladies, knights' wives, and other damosells, that were going to see the queen at Ghent; these ladies the king caused to be well kept with 300 men-at-arms and 500 archers.

"When the king and his marshals had ordered his battle, he drew up the sails, and came with a greater wind to have the advantage of the sun. And so at last they turned a little, to get the wind at will; and when the Normans saw them go back they had marvel why they did so. And some said, they think themselves not meet to meddle with us, therefore will they go back. They saw well how the King of England was there personally, by reason of his banners. Then they did apparel their fleet to order, for they were sage and good men of war in the sea, and did set the Christopher, the which they had won the year before, to be foremost, with many trumpets and instruments, and so set on their enemies. There began a sore battle on both parts, archers and cross-bowmen began to shoot, and men of arms approached and fought hand to hand; and the better to come together they had great hooks and grapples of iron to cast out of one ship into another, and so tied them fast together. There were many dedes of armes done, taking and rescuing againe. And at last the great Christopher was first won by the Englishmen, and all that were within it taken or slain. Then there was great noise and cry, and the Englishmen approached and fortified the Christopher with archers, and made him to pass on before, to fight with the Genoese. This battle was right fierce and terrible, and endured from the morning until it was noon, and the Englishmen endured much pain, for their enemies were four against one, and all good men on the sea." But he says: "the King of England was a noble knight of his own hands, he was in the flower of his youth," and was surrounded by such noble men "who bare themselves so valiantly that with some succours that they had of Bruges and of the country thereabout, they there obtained the victory. So that the Frenchmen, Normans, and others were discomfited, slain, and drowned; there was not one that 'scaped, but all were slain. When this victory was achieved, the king all that night abode in his ships before Sluys, with great noise of trumpets and other instruments."

The ships of this period varied but little from the older ones; nor did they change much in form. The ship engraved here is copied from the seal of John Holland, Count of Huntingdon,

1417, and is similar to that on the noble of Edward III.; it is especially interesting for the minute details of build and decoration it exhibits, the embattled castles at the stem and stern are not raised on platforms as in the older vessels, the sail is richly emblazoned. The staff in the



top-castle, from which flies the long pencil or streamer, will be worth noting; but not the least curious feature is the lantern in the stern-castle, with its beacon-light burning over the waters. Sails, when not emblazoned, are at this time mentioned as dyed of two or more colours, but in no instance do we meet with mention of more than one sail to each ship in the various records of this period. The ships were sometimes named after saints, and emblematic banners displayed, but they were generally those of royalty, the admiral, or some eminent man who commanded them.\*

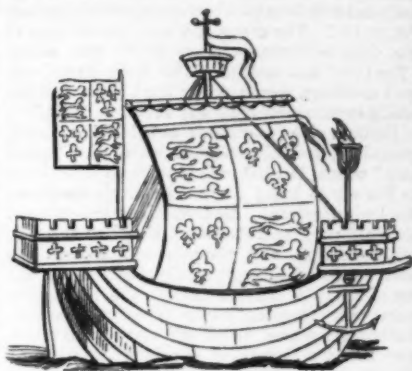
No great changes were made in the navy from the time of Richard II. in 1377 to the death of Henry V. in 1422, except that Henry built larger ships for the navy than any of his predecessors.

In the reign of Henry V. when Bedford sailed from Harfleur, August 1416, the battle between the French "sea-castles" and the English ships became unequal. As on previous occasions the height of the Genoese carracks† afforded them

lance to lance, arrow to arrow, dart to dart, stone to stone, iron masses to lead,\* success depended entirely upon courage and physical strength, and as in such contests the English have generally been victorious, the French ships were carried by boarding after a sanguinary conflict of five or six hours.

The usual dimensions of large ships in 1419 are shown by the description of one which was building for the king at Bayonne, which was one hundred and eighty feet long. It was splendidly decorated and painted with arms and badges.

The ship of Henry V. at Southampton "The Holy Ghost," was adorned with images of his supporters, a swan and an antelope; and one of his other great ships was painted with swans, antelopes, coats of arms, and his motto "Une sans plus."



The great seal of Richard Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) in 1467, depicts the vessels of the fifteenth century very clearly. The variations from that last engraved it will be seen are very slight. There is one point of difference worthy of note, it is the forecassel, where an open cresset is seen burning instead of the lantern of the older ship.



great advantage over the low-built English vessels, and it is said that the people on our decks could hardly reach the soldiers in their lofty vessels with their lances. The conflict was very severe, fighting hand to hand, or to use the words of a contemporary writer, "man to man,

\* A great variety of vessels are named in time Edward III. The navy consisted of two fleets, one formed of ships belonging to ports to the northward, the other belonging to ports to the westward of the Thames, including the vessels of the Cinque Ports. A southern fleet is mentioned in 1360. Ships appear to have averaged about 200 tons, and the largest of which the tonnage is given was only 300. They were manned with about 65 men to every 100 tons of burthen, besides soldiers and archers, who were generally equal in number, and amounted to about one-half of the crew; a ship with one hundred mariners being armed with 25 soldiers and 25 archers.

† Carracks were vessels of five hundred tons, standing very high out of the water.

Ships with two sails are now commonly seen. The illuminations to the fine copy of Froissart's Chronicles in the British Museum, and which were executed about this period, exhibit such vessels. Our cut displays one of them and a galley for conveyance of troops. The original picture represents the embarkation of various French and English knights on an expedition to Africa to assist the Genoese. "They were embarked on board of ships and galleys; it was a beautiful sight to view this fleet with the emblazoned banners of the different lords glittering in the sun and fluttering in the wind, and to hear the minstrels and other musicians sounding their pipes, clarions, and trumpets, whose sounds were re-echoed back by the sea." I know of no more interesting picture of shipping than this drawing exhibits. The armed knights in the vessel, each



carrying his emblazoned shield, while rows of others ornament the sides, is especially good.



The way in which the galley is arranged is also worthy of note; the entire body of the vessel being filled with armed men, the rowers being placed in a light frame-work affixed to its sides. The snakes' heads which project from each vessel is a curious feature; but I know of no later example than this of such fanciful decorations.

It should be noted that a third sail was sometimes raised on a mast planted in the midst of the fore-castle; but one large mast and sail, with a smaller one behind, was the general usage.

John Rouse, the Hermit of Guy's Cliff, and no mean artist in his day, illustrated the life of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, with a very spirited series of sketches; and from these drawings now preserved in the British Museum (Cotton MS. Julius E. 4), the two last cuts of

this paper have been copied. They require but little in the way of description, as they sufficiently explain themselves. The sail is richly emblazoned with the arms of the Earl, and his pennon, which hangs from the top-castle, displays his badge, "the Bear and Ragged Staff;" the Staff alone is painted round the castle sides. The door beneath the fore-castle, by which the cabins were reached, is very clearly shown. The hinder bellatorium, or fighting-deck, has given place to a covered poop, from whence the rudder is guided, as in a modern vessel. The guns along the deck will also be noticed. Sir Harris Nicolas says, that the first notice of the use of cannon on shipboard occurs in 1338, but that they were commonly used about 1373.

The vessel with four masts and sails here delineated, and of which more than one example occurs in this series of drawings, is chiefly curious for its peculiar build and number of masts, showing how much the study of naval architecture was on the increase. But although this vessel was in the service of an English nobleman, it does not appear to have been an English vessel, but one of those



light-sailing Genoese boats, of which we occasionally meet notices in our old annals.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

## PERSPECTIVE LINES.

To the Editor of the Art-Journal.

SIR,—Since a correct and certain method of drawing lines in perspective to vanishing points, which are beyond the limits of the picture, has long been a desideratum among artists, I trust that the accompanying diagram may afford the requisite information to your numerous readers.

JOHN SADDLER,  
Lecturer on Perspective to the Society of British Artists.

w, x, y, z, are the limits of the picture.

A, the point of sight.

B, the point of distance.

The object to be drawn in perspective is situated at an angle of  $30^\circ$  with the plane of the picture, its return or rectangle is therefore  $60^\circ$ .

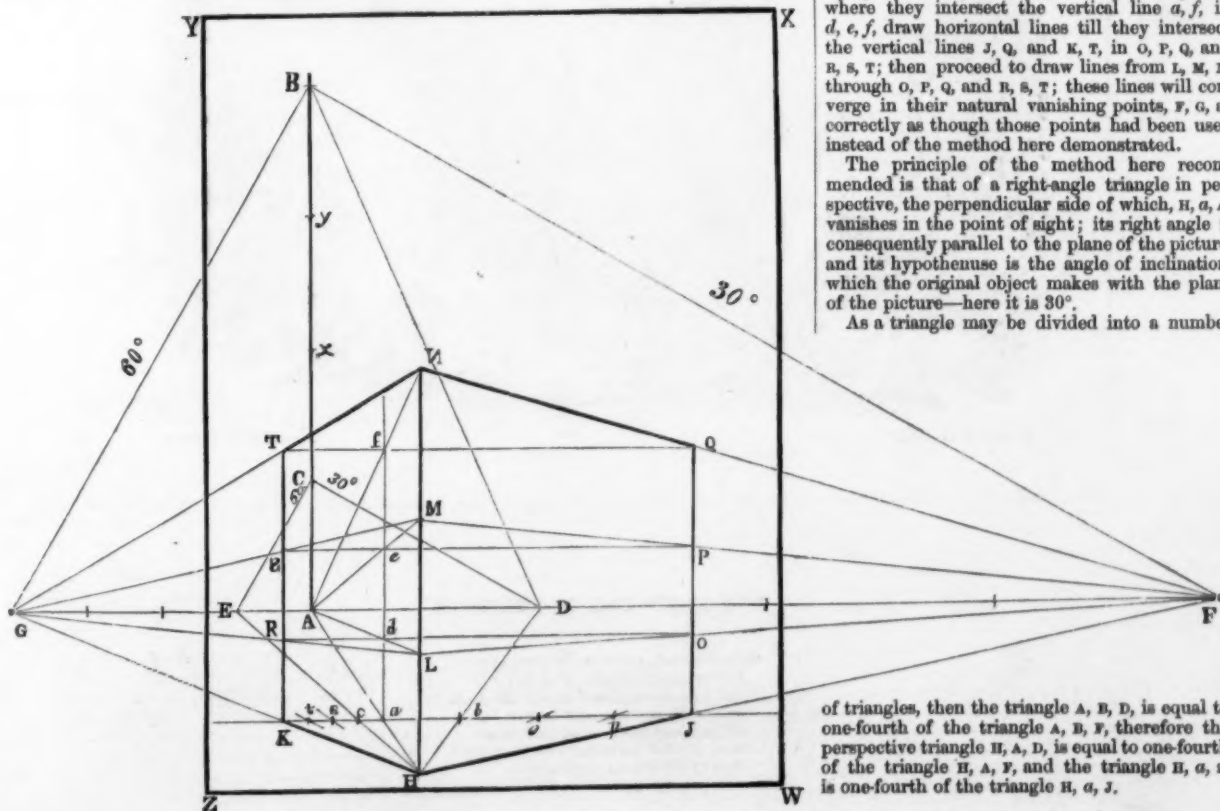
Divide the line A, B, into four or any number of equal parts. From C, draw lines equal to the angles of inclination which the sides of the figure to be drawn in perspective make with the plane of the picture, which are here assumed to be  $30^\circ$  and  $60^\circ$ , till they intersect the horizontal line at D and E. These two lines will divide the horizontal line between A, F, and A, G, into the same number of parts which the line A, B, has been divided into (in this case four). From the point H, which is here the corner nearest the plane of the picture, of a parallelopiped, draw a line to the point of sight A. Now, through any point (assumed at pleasure) in the line H, A, for example, a, draw a horizontal line from side to side of the picture; then draw lines from H to the vanishing points D and E, which will intersect the horizontal line a, in b and c; from the point a set off the space a, b, on the line a, J, equal to the number of parts that the line A, B, has been divided into (i. e. four), counting a, b, as one; also on the line a, K, set off a, c, as many times as a, b, which will give the points J and K; through these points J, K, draw lines from H, which will give the lines sought, as correctly as though they had been drawn to their natural vanishing points, F and G.

If it should be requisite to draw a series of perspective parallel lines to the same vanishing points F and G, it is only necessary to raise vertical lines from the points H, T, K, a.

From the given points L, M, N, draw lines to the point of sight A, and through the points where they intersect the vertical line a, f, in d, e, f, draw horizontal lines till they intersect the vertical lines J, Q, and K, T, in o, p, q, and r, s, t; then proceed to draw lines from L, M, N, through o, p, q, and r, s, t; these lines will converge in their natural vanishing points, F, G, as correctly as though those points had been used instead of the method here demonstrated.

The principle of the method here recommended is that of a right-angle triangle in perspective, the perpendicular side of which, H, a, A, vanishes in the point of sight; its right angle is consequently parallel to the plane of the picture, and its hypotenuse is the angle of inclination, which the original object makes with the plane of the picture—here it is  $30^\circ$ .

As a triangle may be divided into a number



of triangles, then the triangle A, B, D, is equal to one-fourth of the triangle A, B, F, therefore the perspective triangle H, A, D, is equal to one-fourth of the triangle H, A, F, and the triangle H, a, s, is one-fourth of the triangle H, a, J.

## PASSAGES FROM THE POETS.



Drawn by T. Landseer.

Engraved by W. T. Green.

## THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

"Thus checked, a little while it stayed :  
 A little thoughtful pause it made ;  
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,  
 Drew softly near her—and more near,  
 Stopped once again :—but, as no trace  
 Was found of any thing to fear,  
 Even to her feet the creature came."

WORDSWORTH.



PASSAGES FROM THE POETS.



THE SLUGGARD'S HOME.

"I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,  
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and higher."

DR. WATTS.



SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS was born in London on the 3rd of June, 1794, and may be said to have imbibed Art from his infancy; his father being a miniature-painter and drawing-master of considerable repute, and his mother (a sister of the late Anker Smith, A.E.R.A.,) also a clever artist.

Like most young men of genius, conscious of their powers, his first efforts were directed to historical painting, in which he was eminently successful, and for which he was rewarded with numerous prizes adjudged to him at the various Art-institutions; indeed, no artist of his time surpassed him in the number of these testimonials of honour. In the year 1807, he received from the Society of Arts the small silver palette for a copy in chalk of Smith's engraving of "The Death of Wat Tyler;" in 1808, the silver medal and twenty pounds for an original drawing, "The Judgment of Solomon;" and in 1809, the great silver palette for a miniature of "Venus and Cupid." In the following year the silver medal and twenty pounds were again awarded to him for an original drawing, "Samuel presented to Eli;" in 1811, he received the silver medal for an original drawing, "The Triumph of Germanicus;" and a gold medal for a miniature of the Duke of Norfolk; and in 1817 he gained the gold medal for an original painting, "The Judgment of Brutus," and the Royal Academy's silver medal for a drawing of an academical study.

[The engraving on wood is from a portrait painted by Mr. T. Illidge about four years since.]

At the early age of ten Sir William entered the Royal Academy where he soon attracted the notice of West, Fuseli, and Flaxman, who, to the end of their lives were his warm friends and constant advisers. Though there seemed every prospect of his attaining eminence as a historical painter, he considered it advisable to abandon the higher walk of Art for the more lucrative practice of portraits and miniatures; in the latter of which he has raised himself to the very highest point of excellence, and carried away with him almost the exclusive patronage of the court and the aristocracy. The charm of his works lies in their exquisite grace and delicacy; other artists may perhaps surpass him in power of expression, but in elegance and in beauty of conception he is unapproachable.

In 1838, he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy; and in 1842, Academician. On June 1st, 1842, he had the dignity of knighthood conferred upon him.

Sir William Ross is proud to acknowledge the benefits he derived in early life from the instruction of the late Mr. Andrew Robertson, the father of our school of miniature-painting; with whom he maintained a warm and friendly intercourse until the day of the death of that esteemed artist. The great merits, however, of his works are due entirely to his own genius and progressively acquired power. We have not yet discovered in them that point of excellence at which artists, after years of anxious labour, usually stop, and seek only to sustain themselves

without advancing further. Of late years we find his works transcending those of all preceding times, how excellent soever the productions of those years may have been. No artist has ever so well understood the truly valuable points of miniature, and assuredly no one has realised them with such eminent success. In colour, Sir William Ross has carried miniature-painting to a degree not only far beyond all others who have professed the Art, but far beyond what might have been expected from the means and appliances of the Art. The warm transparent hues of his representations of flesh approach vitality with more truth than anything that has ever been seen on ivory. His single figures are remarkable for their grace, and his groups for their pictorial and effective arrangement; and with respect to material, surface and character, —draperies and accessories have never been brought forward with more striking truth.

With the exception of Lawrence, to no artist of any period has a career so distinguished been opened in the department of portraiture. He began (as we have intimated), to learn to draw at eight years old, under the instruction of his father, and executed portraits at a very early age. Up to the end of the past year his works in number amount to two thousand and fifty. We mention some of those of late years which cannot fail to be remembered by all who have seen the recent exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In 1837, he painted a miniature of the Queen and the Duchess of Kent; of the latter again in 1839: as also of Prince Albert and Queen Adelaide, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Leiningen, Prince Ernest and Prince Edward of Leiningen, with a macaw and dog; the Royal Children in various works; the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Duchess of Saxe Coburg, the Princesses of Saxe Weimar, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the King and Queen of the French, in separate works; many of the junior members of the French Royal Family, as the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, the Princesses Adelaide and Clementine, &c. In 1838, Lady Howard de Walden and three children, a group; the Earl of Gainsborough, the Marchioness of Breadalbane, and in succeeding years down to the present time, a long list of persons of distinction, among whom may be briefly mentioned—the late and present Archbishops of Canterbury, the present Archbishop of York, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the late and present Duke of Northumberland, the Marchionesses of Douro, Ely, Queensberry, Londonderry, and Abercorn, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormond, the Marchioness of Waterford and Lady Canning, &c. &c. Many of these works, with others that we have not space to particularise, must be classed as the most beautiful examples of miniature-painting ever yet produced, and the unflinching energy of the artist justifies a reasonable hope that the series yet to come will be long and not less brilliant. He is yet in the prime of life, and in the maturity of powers which we trust may be long, very long, preserved to him.

If the talents of Sir William Ross as an artist entitle him, as they unquestionably do, to the respect and admiration of all who take delight in Art, the qualities of his heart must, even more than these, gain for him the esteem of all who can appreciate and love goodness; amiable and cheerful in disposition, gentle and unassuming in manners, kind and benevolent, he is an ornament to his profession, and the dispenser of happiness in the social and domestic circle. Like his distinguished contemporaries Lawrence and Shee, his courtly and prepossessing manners have rendered him an universal favourite among the aristocratic circle into which his profession calls him; and to this, not less perhaps than to his talents, he owes much of his success. No man's countenance can be a safer index to his character. To the young student in Art he is a wise and discriminating, but friendly counsellor, ever ready with his advice and assistance, without other thought of reward than that which a kind action brings with it; and on all occasions where his presence or his words may be required to promote the interests of Art generally, he is always, like a faithful sentinel, at the post where his services may be most effectual.





In the records of the lives of artists, how rare it is to meet with one who has established his reputation, and spread his name far and wide, almost before he has reached the years of manhood, especially in a branch of Art which is universally allowed to stand the highest, and to offer the greatest obstacles to unqualified success. Fame and honour are commonly the reward of long years of toil and active exertion; yet even these fail oftentimes in attaining the end for which laudable ambition strives, and by which it is animated in its wearisome progress. The subject of this notice has not been compelled to mourn over hopes deferred, nor to feel the truth of the poet's words—

"How hard it is to climb the weary steep  
Where honour sits;"

while even yet young, he has produced works worthy to be classed with the very best examples of modern sculpture.

If Ireland has supplied our fleets and armies with many of our bravest and most skilful commanders, so also she has given birth to some of the brightest names in the annals of

[The engraving on wood is from a portrait by Mr. E. Walker, painted about two years ago.]

our literature and art. Among the last we may place John Henry Foley: he was born in Dublin on the 24th of May, 1818, and owes the first direction of his thoughts towards the Arts to his step-grandfather, a sculptor in that city. At the age of thirteen he commenced drawing and modelling in the schools of the Royal Dublin Society. While there his studies were of a very varied character, comprising those of the human form, landscapes, ornamental designs, animals, and architecture, having, as it would appear, no definite object in view; still, in each of these classes, except the landscape, in which he never competed, he gained the first prize. In the year 1834, he came to London; then it was he began to study sculpture with the intention of adopting it as a profession; accordingly, in the following year he was admitted as a student in the Royal Academy,—that Institution which notwithstanding all that has been urged against it as a School of Art, has undoubtedly fostered and educated a majority of our most distinguished artists; and on its roll of great names we shall, ere long, expect to see that of Mr. Foley. We find it for the first time in the catalogue of the Academy for 1839, when he exhibited "The Death of Abel," and the model of "Innocence;" the last figure was subsequently executed in

marble. The following year he exhibited the model of the exquisite and truly poetical group "Ino and the Infant Bacchus," an engraving of which from the marble appeared in our last number; this work, as we stated, elevates the sculptor to the highest rank in his profession; and considering his comparative youth (only twenty-two years of age) when it was modelled, and the little experience he could have gained theoretically, and still less practically, it is a marvellous production, and one which would do honour to the most matured powers. In 1842 he produced "The Houseless Wanderer," a striking and affecting figure of a half-clad young Irish girl; and in 1844 he exhibited, in competition at Westminster Hall for the selection of sculptors to decorate the New Houses of Parliament, his "Youth at a Stream." This work gained for him the commission to execute a statue of "John Hampden," now on the eve of completion, which when finished will be placed in St. Stephen's Hall, one of the approaches to the House of Lords.

Mr. Foley's works will sustain the closest examination of the critic, as they bear indubitable evidence of extreme care and deep study; the details and accessories are finished with all the delicacy which the marble is capable of receiving, yet are kept subservient to the general effect, while unity of form is preserved with masterly skill. We have proofs of these sterling qualities of Art in his "Ino and Bacchus," already referred to; where a high degree of refined feeling and execution is imparted to a figure which, emanating from a mind less pure in conception, would have become coarse and voluptuous; and the like perfection is manifest even in the subordinate parts,—the drapery, and the fruit which enriches the ground. These points of excellence have not however been attained without very laborious study; his natural genius has been aided and improved by energy and perseverance, his judgment by education, and his taste in the selection and appreciation of beauty, by his constant pursuit of it. Although his clay model may be partially or wholly finished, any alteration or improvement which his own ideas, or the suggestions of others may point out, he never hesitates to adopt, even should it involve the loss of the labour of weeks—ever working with a true artistic spirit, and stopping only with the conviction that what is done will stand the test of the severest criticism. It must not be forgotten that his Art-education has been confined to this country without any adventitious or foreign aid; he has not made personal acquaintance with the sculptured treasures of Rome or Florence, nor imbibed his taste from that experience and knowledge which some assume that foreign travel can alone give.

Those we have mentioned above are the principal productions as yet sent forth from Mr. Foley's atelier; he is one however who will not sleep upon the laurels he has earned thus early; a successful and we trust a long career is before him, to add to their number and augment their value. We have often cause to regret that, with the exception of monumental sculptures and busts, so little patronage is bestowed upon this, the noblest department of Art, the most difficult and costly of execution, and the most uncertain of other reward than fame, when complete. The sculptor labours at a disadvantage beyond all other artists; the cost of his material for a work of any magnitude involves a moderate capital; for instance, a block of the purest marble, suitable for a life-size figure, cannot be had for less than a hundred pounds. His casts and his clay, and the paraphernalia of his studio also add largely to his first outlay; and perhaps when all is done, he finds no purchaser for his work. There is genius enough in this country to produce sculptures of the greatest eminence; those who possess mansions suitable for their reception should see that this genius is not neglected. Sculpture-galleries in England are very rare: the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Egremont can alone be mentioned as patrons of our native sculptors to any extent; true, it is only those with large means and ample accommodation who can form such collections; yet are there hundreds of our wealthy countrymen able to follow the example of the above-named noblemen.

## PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

## THE TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY.



THE view from the Royal Terrace at Windsor is one of such surpassing beauty, that the longer we gaze the more we appreciate its variety, its luxurious richness, and its vast extent. It is in truth a glorious

landscape, unrivalled in Europe. Well may the Sovereign who, day by day, looks over such a scene, be proud thereof! The smiling villages, the spired churches, the embowered dwellings of 'knight and squire,' the stately mansions, the wide spreading lawns, the variegated parks, the noble forest sheltering beneath its foliage the tributary strangers of distant lands—the stately avenue, the noble river upon whose banks the

'antique towers  
That crown the wat'ry glade,'

nurture, within time-honoured walls, the future leaders of the senate and the field—under the very shadows of the Royal pile they thus learn to reverence with all the deep devotion of English hearts, and to defend as much by wisdom as by the dauntless bravery that carries Englishmen triumphant through the world:—

'From the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey!'

No foreigner should be permitted to leave England without spending a long day at Windsor, and it should not be the first, but the last, of his Island excursions, inasmuch as it is the radiant crown of our English sights. It is, indeed, delicious to stand upon that noble terrace, to lift our eyes to the horizon and carry the sight over the intervening space,—resting it midway upon the quaint points and pinnacles of Eton, to which we may thence descend by 'the hundred steps.' From this exalted position it is impossible to imagine anything in nature more surpassingly beautiful than the wide range of country within ken; and if read (as who is not?) in the history of the past, how peopled it becomes with glorious memories—with pageants and tournaments, with accidents and incidents, with great struggles too between arbitrary power and a people who would be, and are, free—the only really free people at this time of writing, in broad Europe. But it is not well to withdraw from the terrace and believe you have seen Windsor. You must leave the stately apartments, the carvings, the paintings, the sculpture, the tapestry, the corridor, the chambers—where, in the sanctity of private life, the Lady whom we honour both from duty and affection, reigns paramount as woman, as fully as queen:—you must turn from the cups of Benvenuto Cellini, and forget the vase that graced the Spanish Armada, and the golden salvers, and relics of old times:—you must look your last at the banners in St. George's Chapel, while you remember that the pavement you have trod covers the mouldering dust of kings:—you must not, if your time be limited, listen a moment longer to the tones of that unrivalled organ, pealing to the fretted roof: but away—not direct to the Long Walk—but through the ugly and straggling Clewer Green—not gazing back until after passing the pretty lodge gate at St. Leonard's, and entering the domain, you look up at the stately castle from the lowland you are about to leave. The foreground is such as Cuyper has painted, and as Sidney Cooper can paint still, especially if the sun is preparing to set, and

'the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;'

the meadows have that soft green 'plashy' look which refreshes eyes aching from the effects of the rich and gorgeous palace; they are as a prairie to groups of beautiful cattle; each a study—the

whole a picture. Above sits the castle, the fine grey stonework standing out against the sky, whose deep blue is fading, so as to harmonise all the better with the colour of the noble pile; and from this point of view the objectionable parts of the town, which sometimes interfere with the dignity of the palace, are not visible; yet you must not tarry there, but proceed—still on—still refreshing your eyes with the shady dells of deep copses that stretch to the right and left of your wooded way. Pause again, a moment, on the brow of St. Leonard's Hill before you are in sight of the entrance to the dwelling, and fail not to look down upon the valley, with Maidenhead in the distance. Keep the high-road, which either ancient right, or the liberality of the proprietor, permits you to do, until you reach the Queen's highway, leading, past Forest Hill and Prince Albert's farm, to Wingfield; cross it, and pass through a gate, and then, for the time being, you are as free of Windsor Forest, as the red deer, or the white goats, or the wild buffaloes who enjoy its full freedom with you. For some time your road conducts you through a copse of young oaks, stretching on both sides as far as you can see over ever waving ferns, affording cover rather than food to the pheasants, who gaze at you with starry eyes, and hardly deign to rise at your approach. Here and there, fitting respect has been shown to some ancient oaks that have withstood the storms of centuries:—space has been cleared around them; several are perfectly hollow, others gnarled and rugged;—such fine studies for the pencil, that we expected to see an artist, instead of a satyr, start from the wood, fully equipped for service. Presently you perceive to the left an open prairie, always spotted with deer, and then leaving the close wood behind, you pass another royal lodge, on lofty ground; then on to Queen Anne's green drive; there pause, and see how the castle bursts upon you in full magnificence. We know nothing more glorious than to view it when the sun is setting, the heavens flooded with tints of amber and of rose: the castle, from its commanding seat, looking the more cold, and grand, and dark, when contrasted with the brightness of the sky, while here and there some tree or mound seems adopted by the heavens, and steeped in its own splendour. The road leads gallantly on to where a group of noble beeches overshadows the way;

the forest land breaks down into a glade, and, far beyond it again rises the castle. But that is not all; you must pause at the statue of the third George, and look along the three mile drive, terminated by the castle entrance; this view gives you only the entrance, seeming more like the erection of a fairy tale, than a reality; but it is a wonderful lesson in perspective. It is matter of regret that the double row of trees at either side are elm; they will not last as long as the oak or the ash, but there is no tree better adapted to receive grand masses of light:—nor is its foliage heavy; its leaves are small, it hangs loosely, and is, in general very picturesque; it is the first tree to salute the spring, with its light and cheerful green; and, in autumn, its yellow leaf harmonises with the orange of the beech, and the ochrey tint of the royal oak. These elms are at present in high perfection, and 'the long drive,' during which the castle grows in magnitude at every step, is never tedious. Nothing is more contemplative than a long avenue; its monotony is so suggestive. How much such a circuit as that we have endeavoured to describe, fills the mind! how much is taken in by the eye, to prompt the imagination!

And if there be yet time, how well it may be employed in visiting the resting-place of the poet Gray, which is but two miles from Slough. The steeple of his 'country church' is one of the most remarkable of the objects seen from the Terrace. Without knowing it to be the one hallowed by 'the Elegy,' the stranger could not fail to inquire concerning its name and whereabouts. A visit to this church and its 'lap of earth' will be repaid amply.

It was a lovely sabbath morning, before summer had quite finished her sojourn among us, and when autumn had barely touched the topmost branches of the trees with her golden wand, that we determined on a pilgrimage to Stoke Pogis, and left the pretty hill of Clewer at an early hour to go to church,\* at the place rendered immortal by the Poet who wrote so little, and yet so much. We passed through the ugly, scrambling town, hanging on the skirts of royalty, as a tattered parasite around a lordly tree; and over the bridge, which Eton youths may not cross, into the town of the boy-college, where the Poet was educated with his friend

West: and though West went to Oxford, and Gray to Cambridge, their friendship only terminated with their lives.

Eton lies so very low that it is well the lads have long vacations, though all look happy and full of life, and in the very spirit of health. The previous day we had seen scores of them playing foot-ball in the meadows appropriated to their amusement—recollecting one of the most finished poems of our most finished poet—

'Say, Father Thames, for thou  
hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race

Disporting on thy margin green,  
The paths of pleasure trace;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave!

when he wrote the *Elegy*; it had been handed about in MS. previous to its publication, and had met with many admirers; among them was Lady Cobham. She felt a strong desire to become acquainted with the author, and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at Stoke Pogis, undertook to introduce her to the Poet. They called on the author at his aunt's solitary residence, and not finding him at home left their cards. The Poet surprised at such a compliment returned the visit; and in commemoration of so unexpected and peculiar an introduction, immortalised the adventure in his *Long Story*. After Gray's death, when the estate fell into the hands of Mr. Penn, that gentleman pulled down the greater part of the mansion, but left the portion we have engraved, as a memento of his favourite poet.

\* The altar-tomb seen near the church, beside which two figures stand, covers the grave of Gray's aunt and mother; it was erected by him, and the concluding words of the epitaph simply, but most touchingly, record his



GRAY'S HOUSE AT STOKE.\*

\* The manor house of Stoke Pogis, where Gray resided with his mother and his aunt, was a solitary house suited to the retiring character of the Poet. When he lived in it it was then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. Its architecture was of the Elizabethan era, and Gray himself has happily described it in his *Long Story*:—

'In Britain's Isle—no matter where—  
An ancient pile of building stands:  
The Huntingdons and Hattons there,  
Employed the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,  
Each panel in achievements clothing,  
Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within those spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him  
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;  
The seals and maces danced before him.'

The house originally belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton. It was here that Gray lived



The captive linnet which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

But now, on the Sabbath, all was still! the dew,



STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

unmarked by a single footstep; the shadows,—  
shadows, which are to the eye what echoes are  
to the ear—lying heavily upon the grass! We  
passed too (though somewhat out of our road)  
'the ivy mantled tower' of Upton Church.\*



"THE IVY MANTLED TOWER."

sense of that most melancholy bereavement, for which the  
world can offer no substitute—a mother's love. It reads  
thus:—

IN THE VAULT BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED,  
IN HOPE OF A JOYFUL RESURRECTION,  
THE REMAINS OF

MARY ANTROBUS.

SHE DIED NOVEMBER 5, 1749,  
AGED 66.

IN THE SAME PIOUS CONFIDENCE  
RESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,  
HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF

DOROTHY GRAY,

WIDOW, THE CAREFUL AND TENDER MOTHER  
OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM ALONE  
HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER.

SHE DIED MARCH 11, 1753,  
AGED 67 YEARS.

The Poet's name is not upon the tomb, but he also lies  
with them in their grave, and it is recorded on a tablet  
fixed in the church wall:—"Opposite to this stone in the  
same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his  
grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the re-  
mains of Thomas Gray, the author of the *Elegy* written in  
a country churchyard, &c. &c. He was buried August 6,  
1771."

\* Our cut is engraved from a sketch by Alfred Montague.  
Upton Tower is very old, and bears traces of Norman work-

It added to our enjoyment to visit the scenes  
of the Poet's early days on our way to his  
favourite village; to look upon the old walls  
within whose sanctuary he imbibed that classic  
taste, perfected at Oxford, and the fruit of which  
seemed the chief solace of his life. It  
is impossible to read his few poems and  
letters and journals without feeling that  
his affections were circumscribed within  
a very small compass—and all under his  
control. We could not imagine him  
betrayed into an emotion, or shaken by  
a sympathy. And yet he was so thor-  
oughly right, so elevated and ennobled  
by genius, that while you doubt the pos-  
sibility of his reviving or exciting enthu-  
siasm or affection, you venerate and  
admire him as a true poet and an admir-  
able man.

His friend Mason, at the commence-  
ment of the collected edition of his poems  
and letters, makes the trite observation,  
—that the lives of men of letters seldom  
abound with incidents; and perhaps, no  
life ever afforded fewer than that of the  
Poet to whose grave our pilgrimage is  
made—that is to say, of what people of the  
world consider 'incidents,' but to the  
poetic temperament, things having nei-  
ther name nor habitation, yet existing,—  
shadows of thoughts and feelings, re-  
vivals of past times, or the creations of  
the imagination, supply not only 'in-  
cidents,' but become events; so that often  
a life has been full to overflowing of  
such as cannot be recorded; or if it were  
possible to record them, they could not  
be understood. Mason may most justly

describe Gray as a 'virtuous, a friendly, and an  
amiable man;' indeed, his truth, uprightness,  
and sincerity, rendered him peculiarly adapted  
for the highest friendship: it was the atmo-  
sphere in which he lived—

'Neither too hot nor too cold'

for his moral constitution. There is in the volume we  
have read, one letter to his  
friend West, who was evi-  
dently an erratic genius,  
fond of change of scene, and  
the luxury of no employ-  
ment, or who perhaps  
called his day-dreams occu-  
pation: the letter is to  
be found on the 187th page  
of Rivington's little edition,  
with a frontispiece and  
vignette by Mr. Uwins,  
designed before the accom-  
plished Painter went to  
Italy and returned to de-  
light all who look upon  
his pictures—the letter is,  
as we have said, on the  
187th page, and is a model  
of refined feeling, practical  
sense, and earnest, hardy,

disinterested friendship, evincing the extent of his  
discretion and the soundness of his judgment at  
the age of four-and-twenty. It is much more phi-  
losophic than poetic, and proves that the excite-  
ment of foreign travel (he dates from Florence) did  
not in the least throw his mind off its well-poised  
balance. Indeed, nothing can be more matter-  
of-fact than Mr. Gray's account of his lengthened  
stay abroad. 'We went there, and saw that, and  
then visited the other: there is little more in his  
descriptions; and yet he is so clear, that you see  
all he wishes you to see. He is rarely, if ever,  
roused into enthusiasm; his warmth is that of a  
Greek statue; his eye is of stone rather than of  
fire. At Rome he met 'The Pretender' and his  
two sons; the peculiar character of Gray pre-  
vented his giving any sympathy to this crushed  
branch of the House of Stuart (a circumstance  
much to be deplored), and his account of Charles

manship. It is very near Eton, and is believed by many to  
have been the one the Poet had in mind when writing. It  
certainly accords better than that at Stoke Pogis with his  
description; Upton was one of his early haunts. The  
gloomy character of the church and neighbourhood in twi-  
light must well have been suited to one so 'unlike a boy,'  
as he is described to have been.

Edward in age, singularly contrasts with that of  
the Charles Edward either of history or imagi-  
nation, when, in his young days, he held court at  
Holyrood, and enlisted the warm sympathies of  
many a high-hearted man, and pure-souled  
woman. The fallen fortunes of the Prince  
might have excited the enthusiasm of the poet;  
but Gray was a remarkable example of poetry  
without enthusiasm.

The letters and journals are, however, full of  
interest and models of a close and yet graceful  
style; of rare value now-a-days, when writers  
elaborate words rather than thoughts. His  
*morale* also was of the highest. He honoured  
Art, and his classics were worthy of old Rome;  
he was, certainly, of a musing, melancholy turn,  
not likely to move the affections of any except  
those who knew him in his earlier years, when  
the yielding heart readily receives strong impress  
from light matters; for in one of his letters he  
complains bitterly of living for a month in the  
house with three women, who did little but  
laugh from morning to night, and would concede  
nothing to the sullenness of his disposition.  
Again, and in another, he says seriously, 'Cam-  
bridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody  
in it. I do believe you would like it if you  
knew what it was without inhabitants.'

As we drove along we talked over what we  
had read, until we remembered that the calm  
dignified classic poet, who loved Cambridge only  
when it was without inhabitants, was born amid  
the bustle of Cornhill, and even in mid-life re-  
built his house there; so that his theory and  
practice by no means harmonised. He was born on  
the 26th of December, 1716, and was educated at  
Eton under the care of his mother's brother  
Mr. Antrobus, who was at that time one of the  
assistant-masters, and also a Fellow of St. Peter's  
College, Cambridge, to which Mr. Gray removed,  
and was admitted as a pensioner in the year  
1734. He contracted a friendship while there  
with Horace Walpole, who was fond of asserting,  
in his keen epigrammatic way, what seems to be  
very true, that 'Gray never was a boy.' Gray's  
correspondence with this trifier in great things,  
is very interesting. He accompanied Mr. Wal-  
pole abroad, and though their acquaintance was  
dissevered, Mr. Mason says Mr. Walpole laid the  
blame on himself. The Poet had all the sensi-  
tiveness and mistrust of self which accompanies  
true genius; and there is something to excite a  
smile in his nervous anxiety touching his 'mis-  
fortune,' as he expresses it, 'of receiving a com-  
munication from the "Magazine of Magazines" \*  
for the time being—saying that an ingenious  
poem, called "Reflections in a Country Church-  
yard" has been communicated to the editor,  
which the editor is printing; and begging, not  
only the writer's confidence, but the honour of his  
correspondence.' Like all persons of narrow views,  
the proprietors of the 'Magazine of Magazines'  
thought they conferred an honour on the author  
of the *Elegy* by bringing him into notice; as our  
generous-hearted injudicious neighbours the  
Americans do to this day, when they scrape  
together the rakings of literature, and describe  
the minutiae of our habits and dwellings—think-  
ing the notoriety, which to our English habits is  
the most painful of all things—fame! Gray so  
instinctively shrunk from this, that he wrote a  
most simple and earnest letter to Mr. Walpole,  
entreating him to get Dodsley to print the  
'*Elegy*' forthwith anonymously, and to print it  
without any interval between the stanzas, giving as  
a reason, that the sense is in some places con-  
tinued beyond them!† Being thus relieved from

\* This journal was originated by a speculative bookseller,  
and it was intended to combine in its pages the pith of its  
various monthly contemporaries, in the same way that the  
'Gentleman's Magazine' had first done by the newspapers.  
The success of the last-named miscellany, which was begun  
by Cave, in 1731, soon led to the establishment of the  
'London Magazine;' and the success of both to a host of  
imitators: and their number led to the establishment of  
this 'Magazine of Magazines,' which was to condense the  
best articles from all.

† Gray's 'Elegy,' like all his other poems, appears to  
have been much elaborated in thought, and subject to  
great supervision. At the sale of his books and papers, at  
the end of the year 1845, the original manuscript was sold  
for 100*l.*, and Mr. Penn, of Stoke Pogis, was believed to  
have been the purchaser. There was a curious instance of  
this supervision of the lines which now stand—

'Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,  
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood.'

his nervousness, he continued tolerably tranquil until informed that it was in contemplation to publish his portrait with his poems. This threw him into a fresh agony. He again wrote to Mr. Walpole, saying, 'Sure you are not out of your wits; this I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it I know not, but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was I know will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half-a-dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, I believe it would have given me a palsy!'

We had thought of visiting Burnham, where the poet's uncle resided, if it were only in memory of the description, half serious, half absurd, which he gives of a spot famous for its beauty and its beeches; but the summer had passed without our putting our design into action. Much as Gray loved and venerated his mother, and respected the aunt (Miss Antrobus) who, to remedy his father's extravagance, joined with her in the establishment of a species of India warehouse at Cornhill, there is a tone of well-bred mannerism and respect in his letters to his mother, rather than the out-pouring of warm affection. In all his memoirs there is no trace of his having formed an attachment, or, as it is called, 'fallen in love' with anything less mortal than a classic Muse; and while we loitered through the beautiful drive which, as we approached Stoke Green, became perfectly unobtrusive, we could not recal a single line of Gray's that bore evidence of inspiration by the 'tender passion.'

The repose of a Sabbath morning was over the country; we passed, and met, groups of persons, and hordes of little children 'dressed for church'; the bells had not yet commenced sending forth their summons; and the elders of the people were standing beneath the shadows of their homesteads, or looking after the 'young men and maidens,' the heritors of their toil, and their dwellings, with as much pride as pleasure. There had been a long continuance of rain previous to our excursion; so that the sunshine made this Sabbath one of more than ordinary beauty and happiness; the leaves clung to their parent trees, and the verdure was more bright and fresh than usual for the season; the swallows 'hawked' rapidly through the air; the cattle stood sleepily in the ponds fringed by graceful willows; many hard-working horses felt that this, even to them, was a day of rest, and looked, we fancied, with pitying eyes on those who experienced no freedom from labour; the dogs winked in the sunbeams, and the dignified hen stalked triumphantly at the head of her full-grown brood. Few spots in England can boast of anything more lovely than the park and lane scenery immediately in the neighbourhood of Stoke Pogis; the church,—in its intense retirement, forming a portion, and a most beautiful and hallowed portion of the domain—rendered even more interesting by associations with the venerated name of Penn—does not stand like ordinary churches, by the way-side or in a village, but like the church at Great Hampden, amid time-honoured trees, shedding a halo on the residence which has lately found a new proprietor—one who is entitled to all respect,—and who is worthy to be its occupant—but who can never be entirely at home among these

'Brown o'er-arching groves  
That Contemplation loves.'

All matters at Stoke Pogis are better cared for than at Great Hampden; you drive through a pretty gate-way guarded on the left by a lodge covered with climbers; on the right, an embowered path leads to the monument, and the parterre which surrounds this memento of

They had originally been—

'Some mute inglorious Tully here may rest,  
Some Cæsar gullible of his country's blood.'

The alteration is curious, as it shows Gray's love of classicism; ultimately overruled by the dictates of a sound criticism, which would make such allusions out of place in a poem so eminently full of pure English simplicity.

respect and admiration is kept in as perfect order as any flower-garden can be: it is separated from the meadow, through which the carriage-road continues after passing the lodge by a sunk fence, and you see, to great advantage, the church, with

'Those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,'



'THAT YEW TREE'S SHADE.'

backed by ancient plantations. We have never visited a more meditative scene; and this feeling was increased by the winning voice of the church-bell, fraught with its divine message, swelling above the landscape; the mingled congregation moving on noiselessly, the rich and poor, the old and young, might have been imagined an array of pilgrims, bound for the sacred temple. 'Imagined!' Were they not so? are we not all pilgrims, toiling onward; working our way through anxieties and tribulations, now led forward by hope, now driven back by disappointment,—all pilgrims!—all troubled—all unsafe—all uncertain of success; whose ears hear the church-bells, though their promise



THE PORCH OF STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

\* The reasons which induced our ancestors so constantly to plant yew-trees in churchyards have been variously stated. Some affirm that it was to insure a supply of yew-bows that the young men of the parish might practise archery, when enjoined by law. But Brady in his *Clavis Calendaria*, says, 'Among our superstitious forefathers, the palm-tree, or its substitute box and yew, were solemnly blessed on Palm-Sunday, and some of their branches burnt to ashes and used on Ash-Wednesday in the following year; while other boughs were gathered and distributed among the pious who bore them about in their numerous processions, a practice which was continued in this country until the second year of Edward VI.' Caxton, in his *Directory* for keeping the festival in 1483, also shows that the yew was substituted for the palm in England:—'but for that we have now olive that beareth grained leaf, therefore we take yew instead of palm olive.' The melancholy shade and evergreen tint of the yew afford a good type of immortality which may have also been another reason for their constant appearance in our churchyards, many of which contain yews of many centuries growth.

may not strike upon the heart. Pilgrims, and weary and profitless pilgrims are we all, to ourselves and others, until we find the right path; and keeping our eyes fixed upon the bright star of salvation hold out both hands to help onwards our fellow-men; knowing and believing that, despite the hardest the world can do unto us, there is a living and eternal hope which never fails!

Oh! what glad tidings of great joy are brought to every faithful heart by these musical church bells!—In groups, or one by one, the congregation entered the porch which Mr. Fairholt's little woodcut so faithfully portrays. And yet the scene had so inspired us with meditation, that we still lingered within the enclosure. We thought how strongly it must have acted on the mind of the poet (Robert Montgomery) when he visited Stoke Pogis, and was there inspired by one of his sweetest and most tender poems—

'Memories bright and deep pervade  
The quiet scene, where once a bard hath thought.'

How many a foot, where pensive Gray hath rovd,  
Will love to linger! 'Tis the spell of Mind  
That consecrates the ground a poet trod;  
The air is eloquent with living thoughts,  
And fine impressions of his favour'd muse;  
While Inspiration, like a god of Song,  
Wakes the deep echoes of his deathless lyre.'

We cannot recall the poem stanza by stanza; like a strain of music heard long since, it comes in broken fragments to our memory.

'But lo!—the churchyard!—Mark those "rugged elms,"  
That "yew-tree shade,"—"yon ivy-mantled tower,"  
And tread the path where heaves the mouldering heap;  
Then stranger, thou art soulless earth indeed,  
If the lone bard beside thee does not stand,

Formed into life by Fancy's  
moulding spell!  
'Twas here he mus'd,—here  
Poetry and Thought,  
And Silence, their enamour'd  
sister, came;  
And Taste and Truth their  
kindred magic blend,  
And proud Attempt, and pure  
Conception rose,  
While Melody each chord of mind  
attun'd,  
'Till soft Religion, like an angel,  
smiled,  
And bade his genius make the  
grave sublime.'

The bell ceased,—the only living creature lingering on the path, was a pretty, gentle-looking girl of ten or eleven years old, using every possible art to tranquillise a child whose thin wailing voice seemed strangely at variance with the quiet beauty of the scene.

The accompanying sketch of the Poet's monument was made before the ground

\* The porch of Stoke Pogis is a very fine example of an ornamental structure of the kind; the open tracery at the sides is boldly and tastefully executed, and there are few of our country churches which can boast a more beautiful specimen. In the olden time the church porch was the gathering-place for the villagers; and here marriages were solemnised. The reader of Chaucer will remember the Wife of Bath's declaration:—

'Husbands at chyrche-door have I had five.'

At that time stone porches were usual, which, with the room over them, termed the *Parvise*, became a sort of little chapel, having a *Piscina*. Fire-places are frequently found in them, showing that they were dwelt in. In these rooms it was not uncommon to keep the church chests, within which the various writings and other valuable properties of the church were kept. Some few of these still remain; as at Newport Church, Essex, where a very remarkable one exists.



immediately around the testimonial was arranged as a parterre;\* upon our page it appears broken, uncultivated, whereas, in reality, it is exquisitely arranged, and contains numberless flowers,—breathing incense to the Poet's memory,—nor do we think the perspective quite correct, it seems to us that the church is much nearer the monument than it here appears. The monument, however, is fidelity itself; and is seen to great advantage from various points of the surrounding country.



THE MONUMENT OF GRAY.

Before we entered the church (whither the little girl, having won the child to tranquillity by her caresses, had gone before us, and as if fearing the renewal of a disturbance, to which she was most likely accustomed, had crouched down just inside the door) we turned for a moment to look at the tomb, or rather tombs, the one consecrated by the Poet to the memory of his mother, the other marking his own resting-place—

'Upon the lap of earth.'

We could hear the *tone* of the minister's voice, and almost fancy we could distinguish the words; but there was no mistaking the 'Amen' of the congregation, so earnest, so solemn, rolling round the building; the fervent 'So be it' of a Christian church, not shouted forth in ecstasy, or with fanatic exultation, but a deep-hearted solemn aspiration that thrilled the very heart, inspiring resignation and hope, and all the meek yet mighty virtues of our exalted faith. Those country churches are wonderful landmarks of history and religion; the aged and low bending trees that have stood the storms of centuries, the massive ivy, the grey, stern, steady walls, tell a State's history as well as one of a higher and holier origin: it will indeed be long before the neat, new, trim 'Ebenezers' show such time-honoured marks as dear 'Mother Church'; for ourselves we feel strangely moved when we see the spire of the village church pointing to the heavens, or hear the faintest sound of the distant church bells float above the landscape.

We passed the little maid and her infant charge as we entered; it would have been difficult for an artist to catch the anxious yet most lovely expression of the young girl's face; her 'divided duty' well performed, yet most unsatisfactorily to herself; her uplifted finger arrested the child's attention, while her eyes were for a moment fixed upon the fine intelligent head of the clergyman, eager not to lose a syllable of those time-honoured and most faithful and touching petitions to the throne of mercy which abound in our Church service, and yet chained back to the worldly duty of restraining the temper and

tears of her fretful charge, whose wandering eyes and sharp, pale, pinched-up features, denoted a precocious intelligence and the acid temper of a fragile or diseased body.

The interior of the church is picturesque and well cared for, and after service, which was performed throughout with dignified simplicity, and completed by a sermon sufficiently plain to be comprehended by the unlettered, while its graceful language and unaffected piety carried the listener beyond this world to the happiness

rather than the terrors of the next; we were shown the entrance-porch to the house of Stoke, and the pew appropriated to the use of the family—the old seats, the richly stained glass, the subdued light, the beautiful domain beyond, the overhanging trees, the full-bodied melody of the birds, the murmurs of the half-whispered greetings and retreating footsteps of the congregation as they passed out of the public porch, the manner of our guide, whose attention increased in proportion to the expression of our sympathy with the scene—are all vividly impressed upon our memory.

'The churchyard was full, very full,' our guide had said, 'and a wonderful quantity of persons visited it and read the epitaphs, and even scratched their names on the church walls, though it was forbidden, and took away bits of the yew and wild flowers. It was,' he thought, 'a pleasant churchyard to be buried in. Not too full, but not lonely,' and indeed he said truly, for in those country churchyards—once at least each week—the children's children of the silent dead pass beside their graves; the modest head-stone and the light waving grass seem more akin to humanity and human feelings than the dungeon-like vaults, or huge 'slabs,' pressing so heavily upon what we loved so well in the churches or church-yards of our towns. Again we stood beside the Poet's grave, read the epitaph on his mother, and cast many a longing, lingering look behind, while leaving the churchyard immortalised by the most perfect Elegy in our language.

The locality is, indeed, full of objects of deep interest; there are, in the immediate neighbourhood, many shrines worthy of pilgrimage; but there is one which in its pure and unadorned simplicity, in the abundant thoughts to which it cannot fail to give birth, and in its close association with incidents which have since become a history, goes far beyond all the rest—we mean the GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN, the founder, or—as he is styled upon the grave-stone of his son, in a village-church not far distant—the *Proprietor* of Pennsylvania. The remains of this truly great man lie in the little Quakers' grave-yard of "Jordans," near to the village of Chalfont St. Giles, some four or five miles from Stoke Pogis; to this Shrine we hope ere long to be accompanied by our readers.

## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

YORK.—The sixth annual meeting of the branch Government School of Design in this ancient city was held towards the close of the past year. The Report submitted to the friends and supporters of the Institution was, in all respects, highly satisfactory, proving that the importance of such an establishment is acknowledged by those who directly or indirectly will participate in its benefits. It will in future too have the able personal assistance and advice of Mr. Etty, R.A., who has recently taken up his residence in this his native city, and has added a class, superintended by himself, for the study of the living model, which has been in operation for a few weeks only, but from which much good is anticipated. The number of pupils attending the various classes has been progressively on the increase during the past year, many of whom are youths employed in the Ordnance Survey, and in the locomotive establishments of the railway companies. Several young men have likewise been sent from places at a distance to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the school, which they could not have in the respective localities where they resided. The attendance of the female class has been doubled during the year, and the course of instruction carried out has induced many young persons of a higher grade of society to join it. The Report concludes by stating that the school has been of great service to those engaged in carving in marble and wood, to lithographers, engravers, decorators, cabinet-makers, modellers, &c.

The prizes having been distributed to those entitled to receive them, the meeting was addressed by several speakers, among whom was Mr. Etty, who, in adverting to the benefits which this and similar institutions conferred generally, took occasion to reply to some objections made to the York School as interfering with the interests of the resident teachers of drawing, more especially by the permission given to persons of the higher ranks to attend the classes. He thought that little evil was to be apprehended on this score, as the studies marked out by public and private teachers differed most essentially; the one adapting Art as an accomplishment, the other keeping within the bounds of such instruction as may be applied to practical purposes.

Mr. Etty's connexion with the parent School of Design in London as a member of the Council for several years, must have given him a clear insight into the workings and requirements of these institutions; and we have no doubt that his experience and profound knowledge of Art will be brought to bear most efficiently at York.

LIVERPOOL.—The Art-Union Society of this town held its annual meeting for the distribution of prizes on the 10th of the past month. Notwithstanding the recent pressure of the times, which has been felt as much, if not more, at Liverpool than at any other place in the kingdom, we are glad to find the subscriptions exceeded those of the preceding year, although very far short of what we should wish to see among so wealthy a community. Second only to our metropolis in intelligence and mercantile activity, it has hitherto held the same position in the patronage extended to Art; indeed, our artists for years past have considered the exhibition-rooms of Liverpool a sure market for the disposal of works which have been passed by in the overstocked rooms of the Royal Academy and other Societies of Art. On the present occasion we learn that the subscriptions amounted to 40*l.* more than those of last year; leaving 255*l.* to be divided in prizes after all expenses are paid, and an addition made to the reserved fund. The prizes, of which the highest was of the value of 40*l.*, were distributed to eighteen subscribers. With reference to the future, the report of the committee stated that every subscriber to the next year's list should receive an original engraving, or other work of Art; and arrangements were in progress for presenting each member with a season-ticket for the exhibition of the Liverpool Academy. This is a novel, and we have no doubt it would prove an attractive, feature in the management of Art-Union Societies in general; nor do we see any valid reason why, within certain limitations, the public should not have free admission to all picture-galleries that are not private property. It gratifies us much to state, that the sales arising out of the present exhibition at Liverpool, including the Art-Union purchases, amounts to nearly 1800*l.*, being at least 800*l.* more than in 1847; a cheering sign that a more hopeful state of things for all classes is at hand. Such a populous, rich, and enterprising place as this ought to substitute thousands for hundreds, and there is no doubt will do so with the revival of her commercial transactions.

\* The monument was erected by the Mr. Penn who purchased the house and estate of the Poet, and was repaired, and the flowers planted around it in 1831; when it was inclosed with a fence. The sketch shows it in its original condition. It bears appropriate inscriptions on each side—passages from the Poet.

ON THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE  
TO THE FINE AND USEFUL ARTS.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—TERRAZZO, &amp;c.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

THE manufacture of bricks dates from the most remote antiquity. We learn from Holy Writ that the Tower of Babel was constructed of burnt bricks, although in some cases the moulded clay was merely dried in the sun. This appears to have been the case in Egypt, and it is evident from the remains of the Aztecs that they rarely burnt their bricks or pottery. The temple of Sais, according to Lennormant, which must have been built 3000 years since, was constructed of unburnt bricks; but the palace of Croesus of red hard-burnt ones.

The Greeks appear to have been the first people who carried the manufacture of bricks to any considerable degree of perfection. Pliny informs us that they made bricks of three sizes, known by different names; but his account is instructive and worthy quotation:—"As for the manner of making walls, by daubing windings and hurdles with mud and clay, also of rearing them otherwhiles with unbaked bricks; who is so ignorant that he knoweth it not? Howbeit, for to make good bricks, they ought not to be made of any soil that is full of sand and gravel, much less than of that which standeth much upon grit and stones, but of a greyish marl or whitish chalky clay, or at leastwise a reddish earth; but in case we be forced to use that which is given to be sandie, yet we must choose that kind of sand which is tough and strong. The best season to make these bricks or tyles, is in the spring time; for in the midst of summer they will cleave and be full of chinks; but if you would use good bricks for building, they ought to be two years old at the least. Now, the batten or lome that goeth to the making of them, ought to be well steeped and soaked in water before it has fashioned into brick or tyle. Bricks are made of three sizes: the ordinary brick that we use is called *Diadoron*, which carrieth in length one foot and half, in breadth one foot; a second sort is called *Tetradoron*; *id est*, three feet long; and the third, *Pentadoron*, of three foot and nine inches in length; for the Greeks of old time called the span or space of the hand from the thumb to the little finger's end stretched out, *Doron*, which is the reason that gifts and rewards be called in their language *Dorea*, for that they were presented by the hand. You see, therefore, how according to the length that they carry, either of four or five spans, they have their denomination of Tetradora or Pentadoron, for the breadth is one and the same in all, to wit, one foot over. Now, there being this difference in the size, in Greece the manner is to employ the smaller sort in their private buildings, but the bigger serveth for greater publick works."

Those bricks were often ornamented, and even the most ancient bricks recovered from the ruins of the temples of the Assyrian Empire, exhibit upon their surfaces markings which prove that an engraved mould had been employed in their manufacture. The period at which tiles or tessera of hardened clay were first employed for paving is exceedingly uncertain. The earliest specimens of ornamental pavements with which we are acquainted, are composed of coloured stones cut into shapes, such as that described in the book of Esther, as ornamenting the palace of Ahasuerus, "a pavement of red, blue, and white marble." The taste which at one time prevailed among the Mosaic workers of Greece for the combination of bright colours in their works, not merely those intended for the decorations of the walls and ceilings of temples and grand apartments, but for pavements; which taste must have suited that of the people for whom they were constructed; doubtless led to the manufacture of many artificial stones of particular colours. The polychromatic patterns which have been dis-

covered, all display a strong passion for colour among the Greeks, notwithstanding the notion which has long prevailed that all their architectural ornaments were colourless.

According to Mr. Digby Wyatt, whose splendid book on "Geometrical Mosaics" is now before us, the *opus figlinum*, or fictile work, appears to have been what is now generally called *lavoro di smalto*; that is mosaic composed of silica and alumina, though containing a larger proportion of flint than is now used by the modern Italians. Pliny fixes the date of the employment of this material as about twenty-four years before Christ. He writes:—"As for those pavements called *lithostrata*, which be made of divers coloured squares couched in works, the invention began in Sylla's time, who used thereto small quarrels or tiles at Preneste, within the temple of Fortune, which pavement remaineth to be seen at this day. But in process of time, pavements were driven out of groundfloors, and passed up into chambers, and those were sealed overhead with glass, which also is a new invention of late devised; for Agrippa, verily, in those baines which he caused to be made at Rome, annealed all the pottery work that there was, and enamelled the same with divers colours, whereas all others he adorned only with whitening; and no doubt he would never have forgotten to have arched them over with glass if the invention had been practised before, or if, from the walls and partitions of glass which Scorus made upon his stage, any one had proceeded also to roof chambers therewith."

This glass appears to have been evidently only a glazing, probably of silica and the metallic oxide required to give colour to the tiles, with which the "pottery" was covered. The same author says: "The most famous workman of this kind was one Sosus, of Pergamus, who wrought that rich pavement in the common hall, which they call Asaroton ocon, garnished with bricks or small tiles annealed with sundry colours."

In all the specimens of Roman mosaic discovered in this country coloured stones are found combined with earthen tessera. It does not appear that the use of tiles, or the construction of tessellated pavement was ever abandoned; not only do we find mosaic work marking the settlements of the Romans over nearly every portion of Europe, but we see it adopted by the early Christians in their churches, and, at times, becoming a prominent ornament in the decoration of these fane throughout the mediæval ages. We cannot conclude our brief historical notice without referring again to Mr. Wyatt's publication,—to which we would direct the attention of all those who are interested in this subject, for the following notice of the prevalence of this Art among the ancients.

"Turning our attention awhile from the regular varieties of European workmanship, it may be well to notice that during the middle ages mosaic obtained to a very considerable extent among the eastern nations, in India, at Agra and Delhi, in the form of inlaying with precious stones, marble, and coloured compositions; in Turkey and Asia Minor, in the form of huge pieces of *faience*, coloured on the surface and fitted together. In Spain, the Moors adopted it as an essential element in the formation of dados and mural decoration. The Spanish affection for "*azulejos*," or painted tiles, has indeed grown into a proverb. One instance only occurs in the Alhambra of the employment of mosaic as pavement. The tiles composing the Alhambraic wall-decorations are usually square, and stamped on the surface with very intricate patterns; the colouring matter being then floated over, sinks into the indentations, and on being wiped away from the plain faces remains only in those sinkings which define the ornament. The sides are so cut away at an acute angle to the face as, when laid together, to leave a key for the plaster, and yet come to a perfectly neat joint externally."

Thus, we perceive, that by a natural process man advanced from the discovery that clay in

drying contracted into a very coherent mass to the manufacture of bricks; sun-baked in the first instance, but afterwards hardened by the action of fire; and then to the formation of tiles, either plain or stamped, and eventually to the construction of tiles and tessera, to which artificial colour was given by the incorporation of metallic oxides with the argillaceous mass.

Although we do not intend to enter into any description of the manufacture of the common building brick, or of the ordinary roofing tiles, but to confine our attention to such as aim at purposes of ornamentation, still, as the same material enters in the composition of all these varieties of artificial stones, we think it right to describe briefly its mode of occurrence and peculiar chemical characteristics before we proceed to any description of its manufacture. Clays of all kinds, and there are numerous varieties, must be regarded as mixtures of minerals, produced by the disintegration and other decomposition of some adjacent rocks. By the constant action of the atmosphere on the face of exposed rocks, a comparatively rapid disintegration takes place; by rains and tempests these are carried away and eventually deposited in lakes or seas in a regular order, the particles of the mass arranging themselves according to their specific gravity, and also, in all probability, in obedience to some law determined by their form. Thus we find bands of clay, of sand, and of vegetable matter, which no doubt formed at one period the chaotic debris of some land undergoing the process of denudation. Clays are by no means uniform in their composition, but all those bodies, which from their tenacity we distinguish by this general name, contain by far a larger quantity of the earth, alumina, than of any other, alumina being indeed the pure clay freed from all other matters. The best mode of obtaining it is by precipitating it from common alum, (which is essentially a sulphate of alumina, and manufactured either from clay or alums, a variety of clay-slate) by ammonia. In this state it is, when dry, of a pure white colour, which, when moistened with water, forms a tenacious paste. The experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy proved this, like all the other earths, to be a metallic oxide, to which metal the name of aluminum has been given. As a common test by which to distinguish clays or clay-stones, the simple one of trying if they adhere to the tongue from the absorption of moisture is the most familiar. These natural productions divide themselves broadly into *indurated clay*, or clay-stone, *Porcelain clay*, or china clay, *Potter's clay*, *Pipe clay*, *Loam*, *Fuller's earth*, and *Tripoli*. These are again subdivided and well distinguished, by what may be regarded as accidental admixtures of sand, iron, vegetable matters, and the alkalies, soda and potash, with the earths, lime, and magnesia, in very different proportions.

Brogniart in his admirable "*Traité des Arts Céramiques ou des Poteries*" classifies the clays into *fire-proof*, such as are infusible in the greatest heats of our furnaces, and of which furnace fire-bricks are made; *fusible*, or such as contain much alkali and silica, by which, in the fire, a semi-vitreous mass is formed; *calcareous*, containing much lime, which interferes with its tenacity, and *ferruginous*, which are such as have a strong colour from the admixture of iron.

The composition of Porcelain clay has been already given in the former article. From our own analyses we now add the composition of some of the other varieties.

PIPE CLAY, FROM DEVONSHIRE:—	
Silica . . . . .	39.6
Alumina . . . . .	50.0
Lime . . . . .	3.4
Water . . . . .	7.0

ORDINARY POTTER'S CLAY:—	
Silica . . . . .	65.00
Alumina . . . . .	30.08
Iron . . . . .	1.23
Lime . . . . .	1.70
Water . . . . .	3.00

FULLER'S EARTH:—	
Silica . . . . .	50.00
Alumina . . . . .	27.15
Iron . . . . .	8.26
Lime . . . . .	1.50
Potash . . . . .	0.11
Water . . . . .	13.00

\* The History of the World, commonly called the Natural History of C. Plinius Secundus, translated into English by Philemon Holland, Doctor of Physic. London, 1601.

\* Pliny's Natural History, Book xxxvi., Chapter 25.  
† Ibid.



## MARL, FROM CORNWALL:—

Silica	51.00
Alumina	20.05
Iron	3.15
Lime	12.20
Potash	0.10
Water	13.50

From these materials in a finely comminuted state, and sometimes combined with other substances, those varieties of artificial stone which claim our attention are manufactured. When it is known that the proportions of these constituents of the clays are constantly varying, the value of chemical science to the potter, and even to the brickmaker, must be evident.

Fresh clay is rarely adapted for use in tile-works, it is therefore customary to remove large portions from its native bed, and expose it for some time spread out, to the action of air, by which a disintegration of the masses takes place. The action of frost is found to be exceedingly beneficial, no doubt owing to an increased mechanical action of a similar character. This weathering being effected, the clay is *pitted* with a sufficient quantity of water to soften all the lumps; it is then spread out in layers upon a wooden floor, and undergoes the operation of *treading*, which is performed by the workman with naked feet, by which he ascertains if any stones or vegetable matter are mixed with the clay, after which the other materials, if any are required to be united to it previously to its being moulded, are worked in.

Where extensive works are established this primitive, but still common, process is performed by machinery; and we have *eleutriating* and *moulding* machines of a very curiously complete and interesting construction employed. Although moulding by hand is not, even for the superior kinds of tiles, entirely done away with, machines are, in most cases, now employed for this purpose.

Ordinarily ornamental tiles are formed of two pastes, of the same nature and composition, but differing in their degrees of fineness; the inferior being coarse and the upper layer very fine. If we break an ornamental Dutch tile this is evident; upon the upper surface is impressed by a stamp the ornaments, *en creux*; these cavities are afterwards filled with the finer paste, and coloured with such metallic oxides as are infusible at the heat of baking, such as manganese, chrome, &c. Considerable skill is required to insure the equal contraction of the fine and coarse clays in these compound tiles in the process of firing. On the continent there are many very celebrated manufactures of these ornamental tiles; among whom Brogniart selects the following as the most celebrated:—

M. L'Hôte, of Montreuil, who manufactures red tiles of great hardness with the incrustated ornaments perfectly level with the red ground. M. Julien, of Orleans, whose tiles are of two colours, adapted for forming good mosaics. M. Matelin, of Orleans, who manufactures by machinery red tiles with black ornaments. M. Courtat, of Paris, and M. Loblan, of Paris, whose tiles are made by machinery with very great precision, and sometimes marbled of various colours.

Mr. Blashfield in his valuable work on mosaic floors informs us that about forty years since, Mr. Charles Wyatt obtained a patent for a mode of imitating tessellated pavements, by inlaying stone with coloured cements; this plan, and also the use of Terra Cotta, was, however, found to be imperfect.

In England no manufacturers have effected so many and such admirable improvements in the manufacture of tiles and tesserae, as Mr. Singer, Mr. Pether, Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Prosser, in connexion with Messrs. Minton & Co., to whose processes we must now direct attention.

In this manufactory, tesserae are made as small as the eighth of an inch square; and ornamental tiles of twelve inches square. The coarser kinds, such as are employed for doorways or open passages are prepared from the common Staffordshire clays which are found associated with the coal; the finer varieties are made of selected clays. The clay is reduced to an impalpable powder, by grinding and sifting, and being thus prepared it is put, in its dry state, in iron moulds

of the size and shape required, and compressed by machinery made under the patent of Mr. R. Prosser, of Birmingham. The powdered clay is placed in the mould so as to completely fill it; the ram of the press which exactly fits the mould is brought down upon it with a pressure of two hundred tons, by which all the particles are brought within the limits of powerful cohesive force, and are held firmly together. By this great pressure the mass is, of course, much reduced in size; and on being removed from the mould it is carefully smoothed off on the surface and submitted to the operation of baking in the kiln. It will be obvious that tiles or tesserae thus prepared, must contract less in baking than those which have been moulded wet and without pressure; in fact, the greatest amount of contraction they undergo in the fire is only one-sixteenth. It will be remembered by those who have read our last article, that the porcelain statuary contracts as much as a fourth or fifth. The tiles require nearly as high a temperature as the biscuit ware, to impart that firmness necessary for the uses to which they are put.

At the same manufactory encaustic tiles are prepared. A clay of good quality, but of a red or buff colour, is pressed into a mould, which gives the form to the tile, and leaves an impression one-fourth of an inch in depth, to be filled with variously-coloured clays. On leaving the mould, the tiles are allowed to harden in the air, after which the coloured material, composed of Devonshire or Cornish clay and some metallic oxides, is then poured over the whole surface in a state of thick slip, when it is again dried to a certain extent. A layer of fine clay is also applied to the back of the tile, which is pierced with holes in the first process of moulding; as the finer clay does not contract so much in firing as the common kind of which the body is made, these holes serve to seal the two varieties of clay together, and to equalise the contraction of the mass. The attention which has been given by Messrs. Minton & Co. to this branch of manufacture, and the amount of skill and scientific knowledge displayed in the improvement of all the processes connected with the production of this class of artificial stone cannot be too highly commended. As an ornamental paving for the halls of houses or any open spaces in public buildings, nothing can be more beautiful; and from its extreme durability it is really economical. There is evidently a growing taste for this species of decoration, and since by the aids of modern science we are not only enabled to execute all that the ancients did, but to employ many colours with which they were not acquainted; we can produce finer specimens of the mosaic Art than any which have been preserved from the ravages of Vandalism or the decaying touch of time.

By the kind attention of Mr. Singer, of the Vauxhall potteries, we are enabled to add the following information on the manufacture of ornamental tiles from the ordinary stone ware.

The "fine stone bodies," as they are technically called, which are manufactured from the Devonshire clay admit of being stained of almost any colour. These colours are preparations of iron, manganese, nickel, cobalt, chrome, tin and antimony.

The clay being properly prepared, and mixed with the metallic compound which is to give it the required colour, is placed in a squeezing machine and made into long narrow ribbons. These ribbons of clay being slightly oiled are cut into squares, and those squares placed upon each other, generally to the number of twenty. These piles of clay are then passed under a frame—across which pass very fine steel wires,—sliding in two perpendicular grooves,—so that when the frame is pressed downward the wires pass through the clay, subdividing the slices into such geometrically shaped tesserae as are required; they are then baked in the ordinary manner. There are several manufactures of tiles and tesserae in the kingdom, but as the process employed by Mr. Minton, exclusively under a patent, and that in use at Mr. Singer's establishment, represent the main features of the operations in all, no further reference to them is required from us.

The mode of forming these tesserae into paving slabs is as follows:—Upon a flat slate table the

small pieces of tesserae are carefully laid, face downwards, in the required design, and the whole secured by strips of wood or slate fastened round them. Portland cement is then poured over the back, and two layers of common red tiles are added with more cement, and the whole allowed to consolidate. When properly set, the whole forms together an exceedingly strong slab, which will endure wear equally with marble or any of the ordinary paving stones which are appropriated to ornamental purposes.

We cannot conclude this paper without a notice of the Dutch tiles which have long been celebrated and most extensively employed in many parts of the Continent. They are essentially nothing more than ordinary earthenware, but owing to the liability of this material to crack, by the unequal temperatures to which the tiles are exposed in the construction of the porcelain stoves, numerous attempts have been made to obviate this difficulty. The most celebrated manufactures of these tiles are those of Feilner in Berlin, and Pichenot and Barral. The "body" of these tiles consists of a mixture of several kinds of clay and sand, or ground fragments of earthenware most carefully kneaded together. After the mixture has been properly effected, the mass is stored away in cellars. This storing is an operation of the same kind as the weathering already spoken of. All countries have adopted it, although we have no very satisfactory reason assigned for the custom. In all probability the good effect which practical experience has discovered resulting from it, arises from the chemical combination of oxygen with some of the elements of the mass, which aids still further the mechanical disintegration effected by grinding. Pichenot employs an unusual quantity of lime in the composition of his tiles, but it appears to interfere with the uniformity of the glaze and the application of the colours, although it certainly at the same time prevents the cracking of the tile by heat. Barral uses a fine material of plastic clay, marl, &c., to cover the coarser "body;" but, though he thus secures a better surface for his colours and glaze, the tiles will not stand the direct action of the fire, owing to their extreme fusibility.

We did intend in this article to have included some notice of encaustic painting, and of the general character of hydraulic cements, but finding that it is impossible to do justice to a subject which is both interesting and practically important, we have resolved to devote a subsequent article to this portion of our subject. By deferring for a short time the examination of those artificial stones which are composed principally of carbonate and sulphate of lime, we hope to have the benefit of some important experiments which are now in progress.

Although not exactly in place in this article, we cannot refrain from noticing those beautiful imitations of paintings known as lithophanous pictures or transparencies. These are manufactured of the finest, the most translucent porcelain. If a mould is carefully formed in which all the lights of the design are in relief, and all the middle tints and shadows in intaglio, it will be seen, if a porcelain body is uniformly spread over this, that all the high lights will be very thin, whilst the mean shadows and deeper lines will be of varying but gradually increasing thickness; consequently as the light is more or less obstructed in its permeation of the porcelain tile, it represents all those effects of light and shade which constitute representations of natural objects. The baking of these interesting specimens of the Potter's Art is attended with great difficulty. Some attempts have been made to produce the same effect by reflected light, but the result has not equalled in picturesque effect that produced by those arranged for transmitted radiations. To illustrate more perfectly our description of the manufacture of these lithophanous images, we venture to suggest as examples some pleasing effects of a similar character, which can be produced by placing different thicknesses of paper upon each other, or still better, of thin parchment. It is curious, that if we cement together three pieces of parchment, so that they overlap each other, and thus present three different thicknesses for the passage of light, and then place the compound piece, so



that the sun shines through it, taking care only to cut off the light around the edges, by placing it behind a hole in a board, or some opaque body, that we not only have three distinct shadows, but each thickness presents an actual tint; colours—yellow, red, and blue—fading into black, present themselves. With a little ingenuity this arrangement may be made to produce many most pleasing effects, which are in all respects similar to the porcelain pictures above described.

In the halls of the Reform Club, of the Society of Arts, and in a portion of the flooring of Wilton Church, near Salisbury, we have fine examples of modern tessellated pavements.

We are strongly impressed with the idea that a skilful disposition of colours in accordance with that chromatic harmony which prevails in the physical decomposition of light by the prism, or by reflection from thin films or striated surfaces, advances towards the realisation of the highest elements of beauty, and we do hope that the growing taste for tessellated ornament will not rest content with imitating the works of the ancients, which, although beautiful as it regards form, are sadly deficient in chromatic harmony, but will advance to the construction of new arrangements, which shall at once delight the eye by their design, and charm by their interblending colours. We are in duty bound to refer our readers to the publications of Mr. Digby Wyatt, and Mr. Blashfield, for additional information on this interesting subject.

ROBERT HUNT.

## OBITUARY.

LOUIS SCHWANTHALER.

This distinguished German sculptor was borne to his last home on the 17th of November in the past year, in presence of all the artists of Munich, and of an immense number of other inhabitants; in fact, it was a display of sorrow and sympathy such as we have never till now witnessed in a similar case. Every one felt the severity of the loss, and many thousand eyes were filled with tears, while the mortal remains of their admired and beloved fellow-citizen were sinking in the grave amid the sound of trumpets and the singing of hymns.

Ludwig Schwanthaler was born in Munich, in 1802; he was the son of Franz Schwanthaler, a sculptor of no little merit, but yet without a name. The boy was destined for the sciences, but he acquired, by his great skill in sketching horses, permission to become a battle painter. In a short time, however, the genius of the young artist found its way to sculpture as its particular field of action, and he became a pupil of the Royal Academy of Munich. At that time the Art in Germany experienced a total reform, and the accomplished productions of Thorwaldsen, Cornelius, Overbeck, &c., were already highly esteemed. But the director of the Academy of Munich, Peter V. Langer, was the same individual who had dismissed Cornelius from the Academy of Düsseldorf, as a young man without talent, and Heinrich Hess from the Academy of Munich for a similar reason. The shrewd director went to the mother of Schwanthaler and advised her to take her son from the Academy, as one possessing no genius for sculpture. But at this time, the King's equestrian having observed the young artist studying the forms and attitudes of horses, recommended him to the King, Maximilian, who engaged him to execute a table-service in silver, which was to be ornamented with bassi-relievi, taken from the Grecian mythology. In this way originated the first work of Schwanthaler, the "Entrance of the younger Deities to Olympus."

In the mean time Cornelius had arrived in Munich, and was engaged upon the decorations of the Glyptotheca, and no sooner had he seen these works of Schwanthaler, than he engaged him to execute different bassi-relievi for the Glyptotheca. The career of our artist was now opened; Schwanthaler went to Rome, and to Thorwaldsen, who received him with his well-known amiability, and with that respect and regard which he showed for every talent. In a year he returned with the elegant and beautiful bassi-relievi of the "Birth of Venus," and of "Cupid and Psyche," which are now in the Glyptotheca; and afterwards he executed the other reliefs in the same edifice, the "Battles between the Trojans and the Greeks," near the ships, and between "Achilles and Pantheus, and the other river Gods."

The first of his statues was that of "Shakspeare," in the theatre at Munich, and the first great basso-relievo, that of the "Triumph of Bacchus," in the palace of the Duke Maximilian. After these works, Schwanthaler laboured assiduously in the service of King Louis. He was engaged to execute two statues for the tympanum of the Glyptotheca, after the models of the late Haller; the statues for the southern tympanum of the Walhalla, after the sketch by Rauch, and the sketches for the twenty-five statues of the painters for the Pinacotheca, as well as the bassi-relievi taken from the history of Bavaria for the same building.

In the year 1832 Schwanthaler went a second time to Rome, and in 1835 became Professor of the Royal Academy in Munich. His atelier was already enlarged, and a great number of younger artists and assistants were in his service. Schwanthaler possessed an inexhaustible fancy, and an incomparable facility of production, so that he seemed not to form or to design, but to write his ideas and representations. For which reason King Louis, intending to adorn his new palace (Neue Königsbau), with representations taken from the poetry of Greece and Germany, engaged Schwanthaler to execute the designs for the greater part of the Greek poets. He also designed the cartoons for a long frieze, representing the "Expedition of the Argonauts," from the poem of Orpheus; another with the "Theogonia" of Hesiod, and a number of representations taken from the "Shield of Hercules," and "Works and Days." He afterwards designed the sketches for a noble series of representations taken from the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, and from the comedies of Aristophanes, a work full of mind and humour. The throne-saloon was adorned by him, with an extensive and elegant frieze in basso-relievo, representing the "Olympian Games," and with other bassi-relievi taken from the "Odes" of Pindar. In the same place he adorned the staircase with allegorical figures of the eight provinces of the kingdom, and with the statues of Nemesis and Nikepteros, as the symbolic signs of the king's motto, "Gerecht und beharrlich" (Justice and Perseverance), as well as the ball-room with a large frieze representing the "History of Venus."

In the meantime the first Walhalla group was finished, and Schwanthaler was engaged to adorn the northern tympanum from his own designs: on the southern was represented the last liberation of Germany in the years 1813-15; for the northern, the King fixed upon the first liberation from the Roman yoke, and Schwanthaler chiselled out of the marble one of the finest works of modern Art, "The Battle of Arminius."

The King now commenced the Saalbau, a large building for festive purposes, annexed to the Royal palace in Munich, and Schwanthaler modelled for the great throne-saloon twelve statues of the most celebrated ancestors of the Royal House, which, being executed in bronze and gilt, are objects of universal admiration; also eight allegorical figures for the attica of the portico, and a number of medallions for the portico itself, representing the history of Bavaria. The great ball-room was adorned by him with bassi-relievi, representing different dancing groups; the saloon of Barbarossa, with an extensive frieze, containing the "Crusades;" and for six saloons on the ground-floor he designed a series of compositions taken from the Odyssey, which are being painted by Hillensperger. The erection of a large building for exhibitions brought to Schwanthaler a new and extensive engagement—the representation of the various Fine Arts, protected by Bavaria, in colossal marble figures, destined for the tympanum of that building.

During these great and various labours a desire arose in Germany for the erection of monuments, and Schwanthaler's studio became the factory of most of them. He modelled the monumental statues of "Mozart," for Salzburg; "Jean Paul," for Bayreuth; "Goethe," for Frankfurt; the Bavarian legislator "Kreitmayer," for Munich; the "Prince Friedrich Alexander von Ansbach," for Erlangen; the "Grand Duke of Baden, Carl Friedrich," with four excellent allegorical figures, for Karlsruhe; the colossal statue of the "Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, Ludwig," for Darmstadt; the statues of "Tilly and Wrede," for Munich; of the "Emperor Rudolf von Hapsburg," for Spire; and likewise of "King Charles John," for Sweden, and a series of twenty statues of celebrated Bohemians (Libussa, Podiebrad, Huss, Ziska, &c.), for a great national monument, which is being erected at Liboroh, near Prague, through the patriotism of a simple citizen, named Veith. For Vienna Schwanthaler modelled an excellent fountain, with the allegorical statues of Austria, of the Danube, the Oder, the Po, and the Vistula, which are executed in bronze; for Erlangen he executed a monument in stone, representing the "Union

between the Rhine and the Danube," a union effected by the great canal of King Louis. But the *chef-d'œuvre* of all these undertakings is the colossal figure of "Bavaria," which is destined for the Bavarian Ruhmeshalle, in Munich.

Schwanthaler did little in works of Christian Art, if we except the statues of "Christ with the Evangelists;" and "St. Peter and St. Paul," for the Ludwigskirche, in Munich; a statue of the "Virgin Mary," for the church in the Vorstadt Au, a suburb of Munich; and a "Crucifix" for the dome of Bamberg, and some small bassi-relievi.

In his latter days Schwanthaler was occupied with the decoration of the famed Bavarian Ruhmeshalle, the two tympana of which, as well as the metopes, are ornamented with his figures and reliefs; the colossal Victorias, destined for the Befreiungshalle, near Kehlheim, on the Danube, are also from his chisel.

A wonderful work of Schwanthaler's is his "Shield of Hercules," containing more than 140 figures, executed in bronze, a masterpiece of the finest taste, and full of beauty and fancy; it exists in two or three copies. Another able work is the table-service, representing the "Niebelungen and Amelungin," the property of the present King Maximilian, a composition of a number of graceful and highly interesting romantic statuettes. For the same monarch Schwanthaler modelled two nymphs, "Melusina and Aslanga," and a colossal "Swan," for the castle of Hohenschwangau; another "Nymph," for Count Arco (and in repetition for Earl Fitzwilliam in London); and the "Nymph of the Danube," for Prince Schwartzburg in Vienna; the statues of Venus, Diana, Vesta, Ceres, Apollo, Cupid, Bacchus, and Pan, and two dancing girls for the Duke of Nassau; Ceres and Proserpina, in Carrara marble, for Count Rhedern, in Berlin; several sepulchral monuments; and an immense number of busts and medallions, which it is impossible to enumerate.

Schwanthaler was a good and amiable man, warm-hearted, kind, unassuming, natural in worth and work, simple in his manners, and a true and sincere friend. He was witty and full of humour, and in the highest degree what we call *gemüthlich*. For the last ten or fifteen years of his life, he was always an invalid. He was never married, and had no relations, except a cousin. Though alone with his sufferings, you would have erred if you had expected to find him unhappy. Surrounded by the figures and events of his inner world, he replied to every condolence—"I am not alone; I am not unhappy! My fancy is my society, and my Art my happiness!" F.

## BLUE BELL.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY R. WESTMACOTT, A.R.A.

THIS beautiful little bas-relief was executed in marble some years ago, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere. The pendant, similar in size and style, represents a sylph sporting with a butterfly. Both belong to the picturesque and decorative style of sculpture, and have that flowing wavy grace, in form and combination, which we associate with the arabesques; but they are distinguished from the merely vague and capricious creations which disport in the genuine arabesques (or what we are pleased to call so), by a touch of significance and sentiment which would there be out of place. We do not know what may have been the intention of the artist in this graceful conception. It is plainly a sylph, who sits beneath the bell without bending its slender stalk; and, according to the Rosicrucian theory, the sylphs were once women; so whispered Ariel in the ear of Belinda—

"As once your own, our beings were of old,  
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;  
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,  
To their first elements their souls retire.  
The sprites of fiery tempests in flame  
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name;  
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
And slip with nymphs their elemental tea;  
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,  
In search of mischief still on earth to roam;  
The light coquettes in sylphs, aloft repair,  
To sport and flutter in the fields of air!"

Then, according to this sylphic mythology, was not this lovely BLUE BELL once a Blue? Has she not left "the gross world in which she wandered"—alone in her aspirations, diadainful of her womanly vocation; and does she now sit drooping in penance on her Blue Bell, and thinking of all she left below? Whatever may be the interpretation, the conception is most elegant; and the engraver, Mr. Rolfe, has succeeded perfectly in rendering the delicacy of the original.





BLUE-BELL.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE. FROM THE BASSO-RELIEVO BY R. WESTMACOTT, A.R.A.  
IN THE COLLECTION OF THE RIGHT HON<sup>BLE</sup> THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

22 JU 52



## EXAMPLES OF MEDIÆVAL ART APPLICABLE TO MODERN PURPOSES.



THE subjects we have chosen for the second paper under the above title have been selected on the principle we shall adopt during the series; that is, of exhibiting as much variety as possible, so that all classes of manufacturers and decorators may receive hints and suggestions which their own taste and practical knowledge may enable them to apply, or to vary according to the purposes for which they are required.

To anticipate any critical objections that may be made to the title we have adopted, it may be as well to state that some of the articles to be engraved, will belong to an earlier, and some to a later time than that called mediæval, according to the strict understanding of the term. It is generally considered to embrace the period between the Conquest and the sixteenth century; but if we confine ourselves altogether within these limits, it will be impossible to show all the variations of style exhibited in Ornamental Art from the time of its revival in Europe in connexion with the Christian religion, till its general decline during the seventeenth century. And thus we should deprive ourselves of the use of many very elegant specimens of Saxon workmanship still existing, as well as examples of decoration, executed between the time of the Reformation and that of Charles I. These latter are found in abundance, and frequently display considerable beauty of design, and taste in execution. They have also the advantage of being more generally suited to modern purposes than similar examples of an earlier date, which have usually a sacred rather than a secular character, or at all events seem misplaced when not in union with the architecture, or other decorations of the times to which they belong.

Our first illustration is a finial taken from the celebrated shrine in the treasury of the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, and has been copied from a very elegant work now in the course of publication at Paris, entitled, "*Mélanges D'Archeologie, D'Histoire, et de Littérature; rédigés ou recueillis, par les auteurs de la Monographie de la Cathédrale de Bourges, C. H. Cahier et Art. Martin.*"

This is one of the most beautiful books that has yet appeared on the subject of Archaeology.

The examples are all drawn with the greatest care and fidelity; but the gems of the collection are the elevations of this most exquisite shrine, the elaborate and gorgeous detail of which is rendered with an amount of delicacy truly surprising; various portions are engraved more at large—the enamels, jewels, &c., being given in their proper colours.

Mr. Pugin in his Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament says, "A shrine is a rich case to enclose the body, or chief relics of a Saint. Many of these that were portable were called Feretories. Feretory in its strict sense signifies a Bier, but as the shrines containing the sacred relics of the Saints were frequently carried in solemn procession, the shrines themselves in course of time became thus designated. Raised shrines in churches, like that of St. Edward at Westminster, were called Feretories. The use of the Feretra, or portable shrines, is exceedingly ancient; we have abundant testimony of their use in the Anglo-Saxon Church, both by record and representation. They are mentioned in the Life of St. Adalard, who flourished in the eighth century; and there is little doubt of their having been used long previous."

"The type of a Feretory is a coffin; and those which are of the most ancient form are simply a chest with a ridged top like a roof, generally ornamented by pierced work or cresting, with the tops and sides engraved and enamelled. This shape was always retained, for the richest examples of portable shrines executed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are all constructed of the same form, but covered with ornaments and images in high relief surmounted by pinnacles or small spires, of delicate detail. The relics of the Saints were borne in solemn procession round the churches on the anniversary of the festivals; also carried in times of public calamity, such as pestilence, with litanies and supplications, on the Rogation Days and other solemn occasions."

No documentary evidence exists by which we can prove the precise date of the beautiful relic from which our illustration is taken, but those who have been accustomed to examine works of an early character, will have little difficulty in making a close approximation to the time of its execution. From its magnitude and elaboration there can be little doubt but it was a long time in progress, which seems evident from the variations of style shown in different parts of the design. Our specimen and the earlier portions appear to belong to the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth centuries, while the splendid columns supporting the canopies over the effigies, the pointed arches within them, and the costume of the effigies themselves, would indicate a considerable advance towards the middle of the thirteenth century. The following description of the Shrine has been taken from that of one of the authors of the work above mentioned:—"In the middle of the flanks of the parallelogram are raised two gable-formed façades corresponding to those of the extremi-



ties; this gives the general plan the form of a cross. On each side of the central façades the vertical buttresses are occupied by three gables resting upon groups of three columns to enclose the statues. The largest statues decorate the four grand façades, and are surmounted by a large trefoil arch within a gable. On the sides of the roof are trefoil arches resting on double columns, within which are bas-reliefs of most delicate workmanship.

"This is the usual arrangement, whatever may be the materials of decoration or the illustrations employed.

"In large constructions the architect of a cathedral had for his principal resources sculpture, mural painting, and painting upon glass. The sculptured ornament covered with immortal flowers the principal lines of the edifice; sculpture and historical painting relieved the nakedness of the walls, spreading life over the whole work; and the painter upon glass transformed the blessed daylight into a net-work of lively harmonious colours robbed from the rainbow. The goldsmith in his art found corresponding resources: under his hands, chasing, moulding, and the chisel took the place of sculpture; the painter in enamel vied with the mural painter and the painter upon glass; and lastly, the filagree to the graceful foliage, the stones of a thousand hues, the transparency of crystals and of pearls gave to these works new elements of richness and of beauty.

"Are not all these combined here most happily? The walls are covered with patterns presenting a regular Mosaic; and upon the gold grounds by the vivacity of their colours and the variety of their patterns, the enamelled columns, and the horizontal bands form the skeleton of the monument.



"The decoration of these bands consists of enamel arranged alternately with filagree. You admire in the enamel immense diversities of patterns which always combine happily; the precious stones, and rich pearls shining in the centre of the filagree, like flowers in the midst of foliage. With these rich details, the lines which connect the principal profiles would have appeared monotonous had they not been varied by covering the crest of the roof with open foliage of a bold and elegant character; and lastly, on the points of the gables, and at equal distances along the roofs are flowing branches supporting spheres crowned with leaves and cones, the whole producing the most splendid results the art of filagree ever attained."

The four personages under the principal canopies are Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, Charlemagne and St. Leo III.

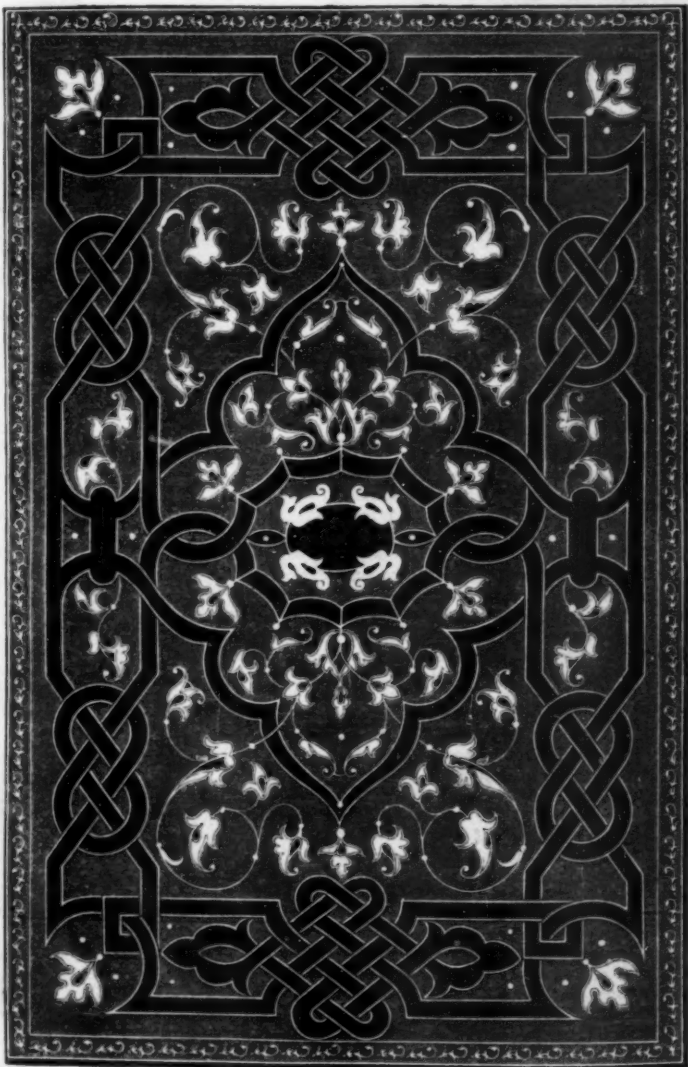
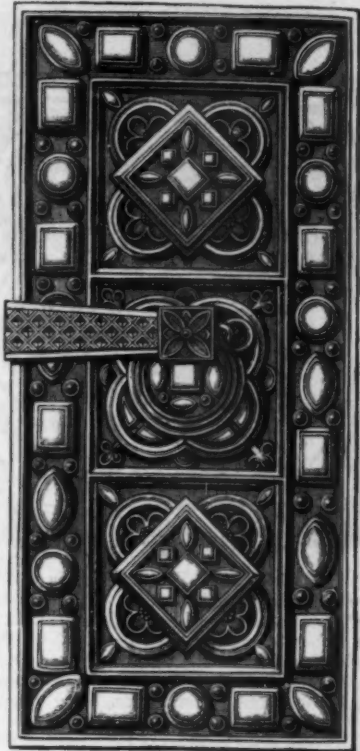
Under the smaller gables are ranged the Apostles, and the Life of our Saviour is represented on the roof.

Our Saviour is seated upon a throne, crowned, and holding in his left hand a globe; the crown, nimbus, throne, and portions of the dress being formed of filagree-work richly studded with jewels. All the thrones are equally rich and elaborate, but the dresses of the apostles have fewer jewels and a smaller amount of filagree-work than the four principal figures.

The relics this shrine was made to enclose were four in number, and stated to be the robe of the Blessed Virgin, the swaddling-clothes taken from the manger, the scarf of St. John the Baptist, and that worn round the loins of our Saviour at the crucifixion.

In a work devoted to the Fine Arts we are not called upon to express any opinion as to the authenticity of these relics in particular, or the value of relics in general, as an auxiliary to Christian worship. We may merely observe that a practice which may be unnecessary, if not improper, in the present advanced stage of civilisation may have been beneficial in times when the general ignorance of all classes beyond the pale of the Church made it necessary to appeal to the imaginations of those whose reasoning faculties had never been properly developed. At all events, we cannot help feeling convinced that the Christian religion, as then practised, called into activity a vast amount of genius and talent calculated to promote the cause of civilisation through the medium of Art; and we may therefore feel grateful that so many splendid examples still exist in all its branches to afford instruction and delight both to ourselves and those who may succeed us.

We have been thus elaborate in our description of this magnificent work of Art, of which





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H. STAINES ENGRAVER.

SANCHO AND THE DUCHESS

C. E. LESLIE, P.A. DESIGNER.

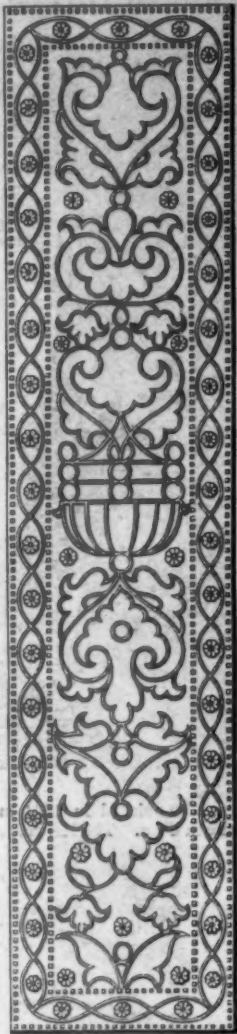


we offer only a "brick as a specimen," because we would direct the attention of our readers who may at any future time visit Aix-la-Chapelle, or have already done so without having explored the treasury of the Cathedral there, to the many splendid examples of early goldsmith's work to be found in that depository, and of which the guide-books

furnish either a very inadequate description, or none at all; merely directing the visitor's attention to the relics themselves, and leaving unnoticed the gorgeous vessels in which they are enclosed.

Our woodcut represents one of the ornaments rising from the apex of the gables over the principal figures, and continued at intervals along the roof of the shrine. It is formed of a ball or globe covered with most elaborate and elegant filigree work rising out of a series of branches of clustered leaves of a bold and graceful character, with pine-cones between them. From the top of the globe similar leaves rise from a branch and fall over in the shape of a dish, out of which other cones spring at irregular intervals, with a larger one in the centre.

Our second example represents a very elegant book-cover of the twelfth century, taken from one in the hands of a priest sculptured on the exterior of the cathedral at Chartres. These early designs of book-covers are interesting as few of the covers themselves have been preserved. They were frequently adorned with rich metals and valuable stones, which excited the rapacity of plunderers and iconoclasts. A few specimens may be seen in the MS. department of the British Museum.



The last two cuts on the preceding page, and the first on this represent the side, back and front, of the binding of a copy of "Erasmus on the New Testament," in the possession of Mr. Pickering of Piccadilly. It is of calf-skin, and the white lines in the engraving are of gold in the original.

This is one of the most beautiful designs of the kind we have met with. The arrangement and interlacing of the black lines is full of elegance, and the graceful forms and delicate lines of the tendrils supporting the leaves and flowers produce a very playful effect.

This example might be applied with advantage to a great variety of purposes. It would be very effective as panelling for a room, the back being introduced between the panel representing the side, in the shape of a pilaster. Or it would form an admirable top for an inlaid table, or a pattern for carpets or paper-hangings, in which the colours might be varied, or other flowers or borders employed. The pattern of the front of the book is tooled on the edges of the leaves in the shape of dots.



The last engraving in our series represents a cup and cover, taken from a work begun in the year 1836, and published at Berlin, the title of which may be rendered as "The Wooden Architecture of the Middle Ages, with a Selection of the Finest Productions of Mechanical Industry of that Period; by C. Botticher, architect."

Our initial letter is taken from a magnificent copy in Latin of Josephus, written about the latter part of the twelfth century. It is two-thirds the size of the original.

The capital letters of the twelfth century are remarkable for the richness, boldness, and intricacy of their designs. The pattern was always clearly defined by a strong outline, sometimes in black with the whole highly wrought in gold and colours, but more commonly in red and relieved by very simple tints. In the bibles and other MSS. of that date they are frequently given on a very large scale, and sometimes have groups of figures, or effigies of the Prophets or other distinguished personages within them, holding scrolls inscribed with passages from their writings. Masks, lizards, and birds were also employed to give variety to the foliage.

HENRY SHAW.

### THE VERNON GALLERY.

#### SANCHO AND THE DUCHESS.

Painter, C. E. Leslie, R.A. Engraver, R. Staines.  
Size of the Picture, 4 feet 11½ inches by 4 feet.

This picture is certainly one of the masterpieces of the English school of *genre* painting. It is a repetition of a subject painted by Mr. Leslie for Lord Egremont in 1823; with several alterations in the details, which the artist introduced in order that it might not be an exact copy. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1844.

Sancho is admitted into the presence of the Duchess, and the easy dignity with which the beautiful young gentlewoman, seated on a couch towards the middle of the picture, listens to the quaint wisdom of the worthy but somewhat ludicrous squire, is perfectly charming. Her various female attendants are permitted to partake of the entertainment, which the young women on the right appear to be enjoying with all the zest of ingenuous nature, while the staid old housekeeper on the left offers a ludicrous picture of the really comic effect of an assumed and misplaced dignity. The attitude of Sancho, with his finger pressed against his nose, might perhaps have been rendered a little more elegant with equal effect. The stooping female figure in the foreground is admirably introduced, and so judicious is the choice of attitude, that had any other been chosen, this figure could not have been introduced at all.

Much of the excellent effect of the picture is due to the very masterly treatment of its light and shade, which, in spite of the absence of glazing, gives it a remarkable depth and substantiality, and wholly supplies any necessity for an absolute transparency of colouring. This mastery of *chiaroscuro* is prominently displayed immediately around the Duchess: the dark shade above, the white marble pilasters, with the life-like mulatto girl on one side, and the black-draped housekeeper on the other, cause the complexion and the robes of the Duchess to appear perfectly resplendent, though the whole is managed without even the introduction of a positively secondary tint; and the only piece of absolute colour in the picture, is the red cap of one of the female attendants to the right. The colouring of the entire picture is surprisingly subdued, and yet, owing partly to the large mass of light in the centre, and the general skilful arrangement of the colours, there is no lack of brilliancy of effect in any portion of the work. It is, in fact, a very capital example that excellence and force of colouring depend much more upon the mode in which the colours are applied, than in any peculiar richness or intensity of the colours themselves. In the spirit of this picture there is true humour without that boisterous display which is too frequently its substitute in the works of many painters, who are however not the only people who occasionally mistake vulgarity for wit. Mr. Leslie is emphatically not one of these, but a worthy scion of that race of humourists which counts among its number the great Cervantes.

\* On an etching of this engraving being submitted to Mr. Leslie, he expressed his perfect approbation of the work in its then state; and on the completion of the plate, he writes, "Mr. Staines has finished 'Sancho and the Duchess' entirely to my satisfaction."

## THE WORKS OF PAUL DELAROCHE.

It can scarcely be a subject of disputation whether the poet or the painter of any country has the greater chance of obtaining popularity among nations foreign to his own; for while the former speaks in a language, the melody and beauty of which are altogether untranslatable; the latter, for the most part, addresses himself to the entire civilised world, so that he is understood and appreciated wherever his works are seen. Hence, while the poet enjoys little reputation beyond the confines of his own land, the genius of the painter secures for him universal admiration among all, the unlearned as well as the learned, who are capable of receiving in themselves the impress of the beauties of nature. Yet while present advantages are thus far in favour of the latter, to the former belongs that enduring immortality which, save in the name, outlives the other. Many centuries of years have failed to deprive us of the thoughts and conceptions which flowed from the minds of Homer, and Æschylus, and Pindar, and Euripides; while Virgil, and Horace, and Terence, of a somewhat later date, are as familiar to the classic reader as his mother tongue; yet of the painters contemporaneous with these great writers, we know nothing but their names; not a vestige of their works has descended to us—nought but a few scanty fragments of their history, to tell us what those wonderful productions were which formed the glory of their fellow-countrymen.

Perhaps no modern historical painter has achieved a wider or more deserving popularity than Paul Delaroche, arising not less from his high attainments as an artist, than from his choice of subjects, which generally have been selected from some well-known passages of history, to which all men lay a prescriptive claim on the score of knowledge. Yet this remark must not seem to imply that his best energies were employed upon positive facts; on the contrary, the walls of the amphitheatre in Paris bear noble testimony to his great talent in dealing with Allegory and Fiction. There is, too, an originality of conception and a profundity of thought to be found in his pictures, which stamp them of no peculiar school, and least of all, the French School; unlike his fellow-countryman's, H. Vernet, which bear indubitable marks of the land of their nativity. If the latter has painted the poetry and the chivalry of great actions, so has the former delineated their *morale* and their philosophy; Vernet appealing to the excited feelings of the moment, Delaroche fixing our thoughts, and offering us food for meditation. But our object at the present time is neither to institute comparisons between contemporary artists of the same school, nor to enter upon a critical examination of the works of P. Delaroche; the latter subject our readers will find described at considerable length in the *Art-Journal* for February 1845. Our purpose is to introduce a few illustrations engraved (except the second) especially for us by Mr. W. T. Green, from pictures by Delaroche; we adopt this course, that those unacquainted with his style and character may be enabled to judge of their excellencies. It is our intention to pursue this plan with reference to foreign artists, as circumstances may permit.

The first engraving is "The Execution of Lady Jane Grey," from the picture painted in 1834, a work which attracted universal admiration when exhibited; the composition of this picture is extremely simple, but the group is effectively arranged, no gaping spectators are introduced to disturb the solemnity of the awful scene wherein

all present appear individually and collectively concerned,—the victim, her attendants, the minister of consolation, and the executioner. The next is engraved from the exquisitely beautiful painting "Fame," on the walls of the Prize Amphitheatre in Paris; she is kneeling at the bottom of a flight of steps which lead to the throne of the "Arts of Greece," and is preparing to offer a crown of laurel to the renowned in Art. The third engraving represents one of the canonised



saints of "Sacred and Legendary Art,"—St. Amelia; this picture was also painted in 1834, and was intended as a model for the great window of the chapel at the Chateau d'Eu. The last subject





is from his well-known work, "The Young Sons of Edward confined in the Tower," painted in 1831. This picture has been repeatedly engraved and is said to have originated Delavigne's



tragedy on the same subject. We are inclined to wonder at the popularity of the work, for though replete with intense feeling calculated to produce the deepest emotion, it is too painful



for unqualified admiration, because, however much we may value it as a work of Art, suffering innocence can never be a theme for pleasant meditation. Painters always commit an error when they select such subjects for their pencil.

## LECTURES ON ART

BY MR. E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

On the evening of Thursday, the 4th of last month, Mr. Ripplingille delivered at the London Institution the first of a series of Six Lectures on the Arts of Design. The introduction on this evening dwelt upon the advantages of the study of Art, pretension to taste, &c. After a few observations on the philosophy of intellectual culture, the lecturer with much tact divided his view of human acquirement into knowledge and taste, and proceeded to say that the field of the former has been cultivated with infinite research and assiduity, while the province of the latter has been neglected and left to produce its own wild and spontaneous fruits. Science, in all its branches, has been pushed forward with an energy and success which peculiarly distinguish the age in which we live. All the mechanical Arts, all that is the direct result of manual skill and industry, exists among us almost in a state of perfection. There are colleges and public schools of learning, philosophical and mechanics' institutions, societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, lectures, libraries, reading-rooms, with books and periodicals on every subject; but what has been done for the cultivation of public taste?—literally nothing. In what system of education is taste inculcated? The young come to maturity without even hearing it mentioned. The existence of taste is on all hands admitted, but who has sought for its principles or professed to teach them, or even admitted the necessity of their being taught? All we know of taste is that it is some kind of faculty about which men are agreed to differ. It is not intended to enter upon the investigation of the elements of which taste may be constituted in this lecture—this will be attempted in a future lecture—the object of the present being to show the immense disparity which exists between the general means afforded us for acquiring knowledge, and for studying, cultivating, and understanding the principles of taste. After other remarks on the deficiency of the appreciation of excellence among us, Mr. Ripplingille continued to observe that no productions of human ingenuity have been honoured with a larger share of the approbation and esteem of liberal and enlightened men of all ages, than the Arts of Painting and Sculpture, but while these Arts have been the theme of praise, and their results the objects of admiration, less has been done to facilitate the study of them than of other branches of refined or useful acquirement, so that in their higher attributes, in their nature and influences, these Arts are less generally understood than any other subjects of interest and importance. To those who would know something of Art practically, it was remarked that a perfect system of instruction should embrace not only the practical details, but those elements and principles which constitute a pure taste in Art, and promote an acquaintance with every order of its productions, with a just estimate of its value, and its claims as a useful and a liberal pursuit. The lecturer spoke of the errors and defects of the ordinary course of Art-education and dwelt at length on the advantages and enjoyments of that kind of instruction in Art which enables men to judge for themselves apart from the inane absurdities of professed connoisseurship. The opinions of Reynolds and others were quoted in favour of criticism emanating from natural impression, as that kind of judgment whereby the artist is to a certain extent benefited. Hogarth, on this subject, observes that those who are "inquisitive after a knowledge of pictures," have their eyes less qualified for judgment than others; and those others must be the less assuming class who judge from natural impression. It is, however, to be observed, that how valuable soever this natural taste, it does not carry the possessor far enough, and hence the necessity of cultivation. There is much in this lecture which we should have desired to quote at length, but want of space compels us to limit our notice to a few allusions only. In closing his lecture, Mr. Ripplingille adverted to the custom of speaking of Art rather as an elegant refinement and an amusing resource, than as a means of civilisation. Differences of opinion may exist as to the best means of supplying the requisite kind and degree of information, but it is an axiom of the wisdom and experience of all who have considered the subject, that the triumph of Art rests upon the exaltation of the public taste. The subjects of the other lectures are Perspective, Analysis of Form, Machinery of Art, Beauty and Beau-ideal, Attributes and qualities of Art, &c., all which subjects, in the hands of a lecturer and artist of the skill and experience of Mr. Ripplingille, will undoubtedly be amply illustrated.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS  
FOR MANUFACTURERS.\*

**DESIGN FOR A GAS-BRACKET.** By BERNHARD SMITH, (101, Stanhope Street, Mornington Crescent). Simplicity, combined with elegance, should be the prevailing features of every design applicable to useful or decorative purposes; a redundancy of enrichment frequently destroys the effect it is meant to convey, and often borders upon vulgarity. In the best subjects which have descended to us from the most refined periods of Art, we find this rule strictly adhered to except in particular cases where an excess of ornament is necessary to carry out the leading idea of the composition. The design by Mr. Smith exhibits much simplicity and grace; the figure, adorned with the butterfly's wings, holds a tulip by the stalk, the latter forms the tube for the gas, while the flower, which should be of glass, becomes the shade. In manufacturing this design, it is intended to have the figure modelled in marble or porcelain, and the bracket of ormolu or bronze.



**DESIGN FOR A FINGER-GLASS.** By W. HARRY ROGERS, (10, Carlisle Street, Soho). There is considerable originality in the form of this design as applied to its specific object. The outline being deeply indented at regular distances; the intermediate spaces are embellished with the leaves, fruits, and tendrils of the grape, an appropriate ornament for its intended place on the dessert table. These, of course, would be enamelled or coloured, the other parts being left white; the green leaf, and purple or ruby grape, on an opaque ground, would produce a most beautiful effect.

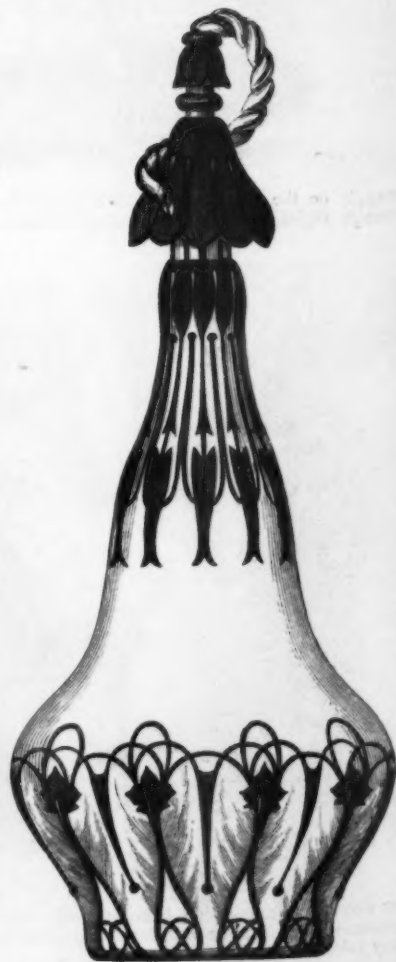


\* The design for a CORNICHE MOULDING in our last number was erroneously attributed to Mr. Leighton; it should have been by Mr. Muckley, Wordley, near Stourbridge.

**DESIGN FOR A WINE-GLASS.** By J. STRUDWICK, (14, New Bond Street). This design is specially intended for enamelled glass, the dark lines represent the colours. There is a stiffness in the stem, perhaps, which might be amended by the manufacturer.



**DESIGN FOR A DECANTER.** By J. STRUDWICK. This is designed *en suite* with the wine-glass above, and should be executed in a similar manner. The leaves and flowers of the fuchsia have suggested the ornamentation, though the forms of the latter have not been strictly adhered to. The stopper, with its overhanging cluster of leaves, shows much originality of idea.





**DESIGN FOR A CANDLESTICK.** By R. P. CUFF, (7, Owen's Row, Goswell Road). The Italian style of decoration, with its richly laden ornament, in which the acanthus leaf forms the most prominent feature, is here introduced with much taste. The outline of the object is very graceful; it should be executed in silver, fully to appreciate its beauty.



**DESIGN FOR A DOOR-HANDLE.** By H. FITZ-COOK. We have frequently remarked, that no object in ordinary use is so trifling as to be unworthy of the artist's skill; in fact, the more common it is, the greater is the necessity for its being a *work of Art*. If proof of this were desired, we have only to refer to our museums, and notice the productions of the ancients, which, however worthless the material, are as regards form, "things of beauty." The door-handle here engraved is decidedly good; a winged "Atlas" bearing the globe, the two extremities terminating in a Grecian scroll. The whole design is possessed of extreme elegance, and though some parts are apparently slight, when cast in metal they will be found of sufficient strength for their purpose.



**DESIGN FOR A SILVER MUG.** By G. LEIGHTON, (3, Ashby Street, Clerkenwell). The chief merit of this design is the exceeding boldness of its ornament, which is not here broken or frittered away by unmeaning detail; the handle, forming a graceful curve, shows the main stem of the plant, and the leaves and tendrils spread themselves in various directions but without confusion over the bowl. Those made of matted gold or silver on a burnished ground would be very brilliant.



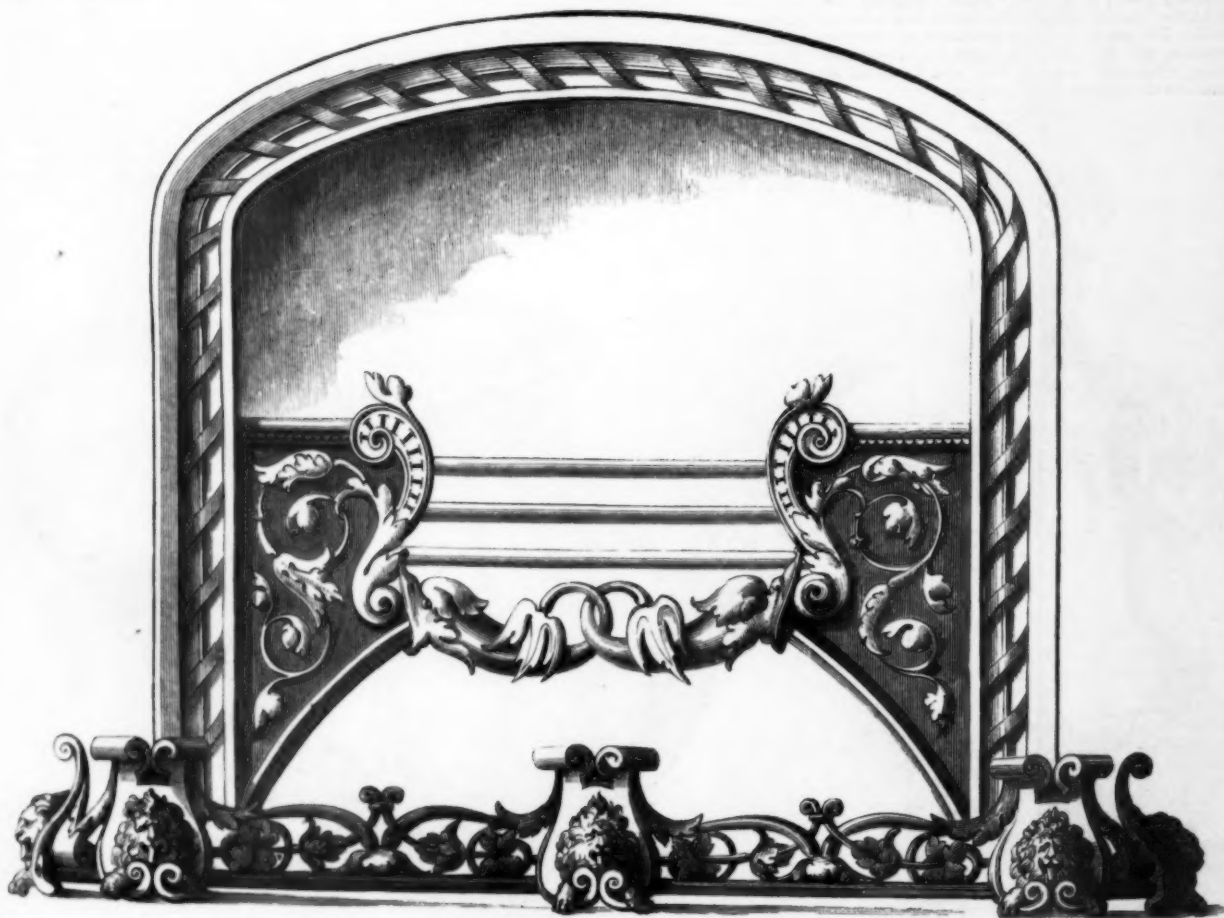
**DESIGN FOR A TEA-POT.** By J. STRUDWICK. The domestic habits and customs of nations long since passed away, have oftentimes become known to us as much by the remains of their household furniture which the industry of antiquaries has gathered together, as by the learning and research of historians; the information supplied by the latter not being always so explicit and so readily understood as that which the former convey. The observation holds good even in our own day, when travellers among the yet uncivilised countries of the globe, become acquainted with the habits and pursuits of their respective inhabitants from what they meet with in their rude huts and mud-walled dwellings. In like manner the tea-pot is a sort of household deity in the families of most Englishmen, and may be considered indispensable to his domestic comfort. Hence the attention given by manufacturers of late to this essential article of utility, and the various devices employed to render it ornamental as well as useful; this too being the rather necessary, inasmuch as the breakfast or tea-table admits but little of a highly decorative character. The design engraved below is well worthy to employ the art of the silversmith: the body is somewhat melon-shaped, and the handle is formed of the twisted stalks of the plant, terminating with its leaves. The latter portion of this ornament is again repeated on the spout.



**DESIGN FOR IRON BALUSTRADES.** By WILLIAM BOUTCHER, (165, Aldersgate Street, City). This design is chiefly to be commended for its exceeding lightness, and for the novel ornamentation of the upright supports. The intermediate spaces are well filled in with the scroll-work, which indicates strength without heaviness. It would form an excellent balustrade for a stone staircase.



**DESIGN FOR A FIRE-GRATE AND FENDER.** By W. HARRY ROGERS, (10, Carlisle Street, Soho). The construction of this object seems somewhat at variance with the prevailing fashion in similar articles, the bars being placed considerably higher than we generally see them. The design is however bold and highly ornamental. The artist seems to have studied principally to connect in a harmonious whole the lines formed by the stove with those of the fender, and in this respect he has been perfectly successful.



**DESIGN FOR A BELL-PULL.** By J. B. ROBINSON, (13, John Street, Westminster.) We are not cognisant of the fact whether or no our artist is a freemason, but a portion of the insignia of that ancient



and mysterious fraternity have evidently suggested to him the design engraved below, which he has



**DESIGN FOR A CHAIN-BROOCH.** By H. FITZ-COOK, (13, New Ormond Street). The above is one of several designs intended for execution by Messrs. Ellis and Son, of Exeter, whose ingenious manufacture of these *bijoux* we noticed in a previous number. Among the many we have seen, that engraved above is perhaps one of the best, from the novelty of its form, and its suitable adaptation either to gold, silver, or enamel. The chasing in metal would be exceedingly rich; while the execution of the pattern in enamel affords abundant scope for the introduction of brilliant colouring, now so commonly used in the manufacture of jewellery.

worked out with considerable taste and ingenuity, incorporating some gothic tracery into the pattern.



## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

**PARIS.**—The National Assembly has voted the sum of 650,000 francs for the erection of a temporary building on the Champs Elysées, for the purpose of the Exhibition of the production of the Industrial Arts, which is intended to take place in the month of May ensuing. More than a third of the timber work has been prepared for the immense construction, and gives the Champs Elysées the appearance of a perfect forest of white wood.—The National Assembly voted some time ago a sum of 150,000 francs to be applied in affording temporary aid to the artists of Paris; and it has subsequently voted a further sum of 200,000 francs, to be disbursed by giving commissions for pictures and sculptures applicable to the adornment of public edifices, as well as to relieve cases of pressing misery, brought on by the political convulsions of last year. This vote has given rise to a host of clamorous demands. The more talented class claim the distribution as a right on this account, while the less favoured sons of genius look on it as an eleemosynary gift to assuage their greater distress. One very clever artist has been seen hawking journals in the street for sale, and some names of good repute were found applying themselves to coarse drudgery with the saw and axe in the national workshops.—**THE LOUVRE.**—The minister of public works, M. Vivien, has prepared an elaborate report of the present condition of the Louvre, for necessary repairs and embellishments, as well as opening other saloons. The sum required for the present year is 200,000 francs, and 1,800,000 for the following one. The report is at considerable length; the principal features being—1st, The entire reconstruction of the roof of the grand gallery, to admit the light from the top, and to close the side windows. 2nd, To redecorate and alter the disposition of the *Grand Salon*, and the *Salon des sept Cheminées*. 3rd, The entire reparation of the Gallery of Apollo. In the budget for the present year, the first item is calculated to cause an expenditure of 160,000 francs. The redecoration of the *Grand Salon* is estimated at 600,000 francs; the *Salon des sept Cheminées* is set down at 400,000 francs; and finally, the expenses calculated to restore the Gallery of Apollo at 1,000,000 francs. In consequence of this report, a commission was nominated to consider the proposition, and on its meeting, in the Hall of the Institute, most of the distinguished artists of Paris were present. The plan given by M. Dubau, the architect, was the subject of a very learned discussion. The style of ornamentation especially was investigated. M. Ingres proposed a red ground, with very rich decorative details; his opinion was strongly enforced by Messieurs Drolling and Horace Vernet. M. Delacroix suggested a more sober colour as the ground, with very slight ornament. It was remarked that good colourists had always preferred a ground that would lower the lustre of tints, and render their brilliancy more harmonious by opposition with a positive vivid colour; while, on the other hand, it was agreed that where colour was not the characteristic of artistic works, a more unobtrusive ground would give them due advantage. The proposition of Messieurs Ingres and Horace Vernet however obtained the suffrages of the commission, and was finally adopted.—The Palace of the Tuileries, now called in republican jargon *L'Hôtel National*, has been duly inspected by command of the minister of the interior, at the earnest instigation of the friends of the Fine Arts, with a view of adapting it to the annual exhibition of modern Art. Great interruption of the study of the ancient masters was always experienced by covering the walls of the gallery of the Louvre with a framework, on which the modern pictures were hung. At first the minister did not yield to the many solicitations on the subject, and the *ci-devant* Palace of the Tuileries was announced to be let on lease by public adjudication, on the 20th ult. This intention has been formally withdrawn at the request of the administration of National Domains, and it is positively intended that the forthcoming exhibition of the works of living artists shall take place therein. A commission appointed to examine the building has reported that it is excellently adapted for the purposes by its spacious apartments and excellent light. It has suffered but little, comparatively, by the violence of the attacking multitude in February last, the damage being confined to destroying the furniture and breaking the magnificent looking-glasses that decorated the principal rooms.—The fury of the modern iconoclasts in February last fell the most heavily on the works of the great artists of France. Comparatively little destruction took place with ancient examples of painting: the great mass of fragments now gathered in the *Salon*

*Henri IV.* at the Louvre, is chiefly composed of the ruins of modern historical pictures. "The Neapolitan Improvisatore," of Robert, has disappeared, a piece of it containing the central group has appeared for sale at a broker's shop. "The Mameluke," by Gericault, the "Soldat Laboureur," by Horace Vernet, and the "Equinoctial Tide," by Roqueplan, are also missing. At the palace of the Palais-Royal, the destruction has been great. Two exquisite heads by Masaccio; three fine portraits by Holbein, and some by Pourbus, of great celebrity, have been burnt. The celebrated pictures of the "Oath of the Swiss," by Steuben; "Gustavus Vasa," by Hersent; "The Brigand's Wife," by Schnetz; "Cupid and Psyche," by Picot, and several interiors by Granet, are irrecoverably ruined. Horace Vernet is the artist whose works have been the most injured; although he may be considered as the most popular painter among the people and the military, yet the excess of vengeance has mutilated his pictures beyond others. The "Attack of the City of Constantine" has been cut out of the frame and either stolen or destroyed; several other pictures were found cut out, but left behind in the universal destruction and pillage. But the battles of "Hanau," "Montmirail," "Jemmapes," and "Valmy," are slashed all over with sabre-cuts. "The Confession of a Brigand," the "Review of Hussars," "Camille Desmoulins displaying the Green Cockade," and the "Peasant Girl of Ariccia," are torn and cut to rags. "The Neapolitan Mother," by Robert, and his "Roman Funeral," are pierced by numerous thrusts of bayonets. "The White Horse," by Gericault has not escaped, nor several of Prudhon's most charming works; it appears a general massacre, and the hall of the Louvre is the charnel-house of the destroyed inspirations of genius.—Republican taste in France does not appear founded upon the simplicity that distinguished it in former ages. A friend of M. Marrast, on departing from an audience of the President of the National Assembly, observed in one of the splendid apartments where the *ci-devant* *Redacteur* of the "National" has installed himself, a cradle exquisitely carved, adorned with mother-of-pearl and gilding; in fine, a perfect gem of elegance. He expressed his admiration of it, and asked one of the attendants to give him the name of the skilful manufacturer. "I don't know the maker's name" was the reply, "but it was the cradle of the Count of Paris, and M. le President has ordered it to be brought here for his grand-daughter!"

**BRUSSELS.**—Several artists of Belgium have united to assist an unfortunate member of their body in a manner highly praiseworthy; long illness and a very numerous family dependent on his exertions, had brought misery and destitution into his household. His brother artists subscribed each a small work of his own performance; M. Gallait gave a beautiful drawing, and the collection was disposed by a lottery, which the public readily responded to by purchasing the tickets. A sufficient sum has been raised to answer completely the benevolent intentions of the projectors.—The budget for 1849 comprises a demand on the part of the government for 283,000 francs for the support of the various schools of Art, and purchase of works of Art for the various museums and public buildings.—M. Gallait has taken his picture of "The Last Moments of the Count d'Egmont," to the Hague, where it met the highest admiration of the King of Holland. His Majesty made an unlimited offer, if the Banker of Berlin, M. Wagner, would have resigned his purchase; and immediately conferred on the painter the order of the Oak Leaf Crown.—M. Winterhalter has taken up his abode in Brussels for the present; his occupation as Court portrait-painter at Paris having vanished with the monarchy.—A superb work has been announced under the patronage of his Majesty, to commemorate, by a series of large lithographies, the artistic fête of September last. The Minister of the Interior has subscribed for twenty-five copies for the German public libraries of Belgium. The undertaking will be under the direction of M. Balat, the architect, and published by M. Dero-Becker.

**GERMANY.**—The statue of Gluck, by Brugger, erected on the Odeon-place, and displayed to the public on the 15th of October, is a work of the finest execution; face, hands, drapery, and all the other forms are modelled after nature herself, but the whole effect is not so free and speaking as we find it in the best works of the deceased Schwanthaler. The great composer is represented with a sheet of paper in his right hand, while he raises the left just as if he were listening; a wide cloak incloses the whole figure, thus giving it a solemn and grand, but at the same time a heavy appearance, and, when viewed from behind, it loses all beauty of form.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.**—The Exhibition will open as usual, we presume, on the first Monday of the present month. We learn with much pleasure that we may anticipate a satisfactory collection: several of the younger members of our school, of good promise, being among the contributors: we trust the "hanging" will be properly cared for, and superintended, at least, by some of the Directors. For many years past, there has been no such opportunity as that which now exists for restoring the gallery to its "palmy state." We shall heartily rejoice to find it has been taken advantage of.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.**—There are several rumours afloat in reference to this society, to which we think it would be ungenerous to refer more distinctly at present; arrangements now in progress may result in completely remodelling the Institution, and enabling it to assume the standing and character indispensable to its existence.

**FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.**—This association is steadily progressing, the number of exhibitors having increased to nearly fifty above that of last season, some of them being men from whom much may be expected. The prospects of the Exhibition are fully equal to the most sanguine hopes of its most active promoters. The gallery will be open this year to the public before either the Royal Academy or the Society of British Artists.

**THE VERNON MEDAL.**—Arrangements are in progress for carrying out the suggestion of the *Art-Journal* for January, which originated with Messrs. Colnaghi, viz., "that a sum of money be raised by subscription; the interest arising from it to be expended on a medal, to be called the Vernon Medal; and that this medal be annually awarded, as an honorary distinction, by the President of the Royal Academy, to meritorious students in the academic class." A committee has been formed to effect the object; at present it consists of the following noblemen and gentlemen:—The Marquis of Northampton; Lord Colborne; Sir Robert Peel; Sir J. E. Swinburne; Sir G. T. Staunton; Sir J. Wigram; the Dean of Westminster; Capt. L. Smith; Messrs. J. Arden; D. R. Blane; W. J. Broderip; S. Cartwright; T. J. Pettigrew; C. Barry, R.A.; C. L. Eastlake, R.A.; P. Hardwick, R.A.; S. Hart, R.A.; G. Jones, R.A.; C. Landseer, R.A.; E. Landseer, R.A.; D. Maclise, R.A.; H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; D. Roberts, R.A.; C. Stanfield, R.A.; T. Webster, R.A., and W. Wyon, R.A. Our readers will recollect that we thought it our duty to consult Mr. Vernon on this subject; to such a project he could make no objection. We shall have more to say concerning the matter in our next number; the proposal cannot fail to receive the cordial support of all lovers of Art.

**BRITISH GLASS MANUFACTURE.**—In watching the progress of our native manufacture it affords us much real gratification to witness the obvious improvements which are constantly taking place. In no department is this more decidedly shown than in our flint-glass manufacture, since it has been relieved from the restrictive duties and excise incumbrances, which for years completely shackled the hand of our glass makers. The very rapid improvement which has already taken place, particularly in the ornamental department of glass making, is quite a sufficient assurance to us that the ingenuity and unwearied industry of the English artisan will place our glass manufactory on a level with, if not superior to, any of the continental productions within a very short period.

We have been much interested in examining some specimens of coloured, threaded, and engraved glass, the productions of the Islington Glass Works, Birmingham, in which colours as brilliant and designs as elaborate as any seen in the Bohemian specimens were produced. The articles we have seen consisted of compound Millefleur paper-weights, coloured and engraved goblets, carafes, and glass slabs of a most beautiful character in green and silver, adapted for finger plates and similar purposes. The whole of these specimens were little, if anything, inferior to the most choice productions of the continent.

**ENGRAVING AFTER MURILLO.**—There has been submitted to us an engraving by Mr. Charles Cousen which, we think, possesses most singular merit. It is from the head of one of Murillo's figures in his well-known picture of the "Spanish Beggar-boys" in the Dulwich Gallery. The subject of Mr. Cousen's plate is life-size, and it is engraved in a style that reminds us very forcibly of some of the works by the early masters of the art; showing remarkable boldness and vigour in the handling of the point, yet retaining sufficient delicacy to make the work valuable on the score of refinement; with an entire absence of everything approaching to formality or stiffness in the arrangement of the lines. The print indeed exhibits all the characteristics of the painter, and is, in every respect, one which must place the engraver among our "best men." Mr. Cousen is, we are informed, engaged upon another plate, "Murillo's Flower Girl," which will form a fit companion to the above.

**PROPOSED EXHIBITION OF SHAKSPEARE RELICS.**—In aid of the fund for the purchase of Shakspeare's house, it is proposed to get together a series of relics, which will, it is hoped, attract sufficient visitors. The questionable Chandos portrait is to appear, and perhaps some portraits. The early editions of the Poet's plays are named, although their interest is solely in the scholar's library; such things are nothing to look at, and could never induce visitors. The collection of Mr. Wheler, of Stratford, has been also named as forthcoming, consisting of Shaksperian documents; but we understand without that gentleman's sanction. After so large a sum has been subscribed by the public, and so many means taken for adding to it, it is scarcely to be wondered at that popular excitement cannot be longer kept up. The committee should have condensed their labours a little more, and we cannot help fancying that they should also have curbed their own expenditure.

**VIEWS IN AMERICA.**—A prospectus for publishing a series of views in Canada and the northern parts of the United States, by Mr. G. Harvey, an American artist at present residing in London, has been placed in our hands. He explains his design as consisting of "forty historic or atmospheric American landscapes, illustrating the progress of civilisation in the northern section of the New World," by which we understand that the various localities will be displayed under certain atmospheric effects of day and night, storm and calm, sunshine and gloom. These views are to be accompanied by letter-press descriptions from the graceful pen of Washington Irving. As we have not yet seen a specimen of the publication, we are, of course, unable to speak of its merits.

**MR. ANDREW WILSON.**—The death of this gentleman, who was known to a large circle of the profession, took place in Edinburgh. He was for many years master of the Trustees' Academy in that city, and on his retirement from that office he proceeded to Italy, and fixed his residence at Genoa, where he remained during more than twenty years of the latter part of his life. In Cunningham's life of Wilkie, a correspondence occurs on the subject of some portraits by Vandyke, procured from Mr. Wilson by Wilkie for Sir Robert Peel. His experience in Art, and knowledge of the Italian masters, and private and public collections, placed him in a position to render valuable assistance in the enrichment of many private galleries in this country.

**PENCIL DRAWINGS.**—The style of pencil drawing practised and taught by Mr. T. C. Galpin is exceedingly bold and effective, excellently adapted to sketching from Nature. We have recently seen some very capital studies of aqueous plants executed by him, of great breadth and vigorous handling, and close imitations of nature. It has been generally observed that, owing to the vast quantities of rain which have fallen during the past summer, almost every kind of succulent plant has attained unusual magnitude; this circumstance Mr. Galpin has taken advantage of; some of his specimens appearing of almost giant growth, yet, we are assured, they are not beyond the limits of their natural size.

**ACQUISITION BY HER MAJESTY.**—In the late Exhibition at Brussels a picture by M. Van Eycken, entitled "L'Abondance de l'année 1847," excited the delight of the connoisseurs, and was immediately purchased by M. Vandenberg of that city. The composition is that of two lovely infants (twins) sleeping on a couch strewn with ears of corn, grapes, and roses, over which a young and graceful mother bends with anxious delight. Independent of the elegance of the drawing, the colour is of the most beautiful tone and richness of hue. Her Majesty, the Queen of England, having expressed a wish to possess it, it was immediately ceded by the proprietor, and in her Royal Collection it has become an admirable exponent of the Modern School of Belgium.

**ENGRAVINGS IN AQUA-TINTA.**—Two specimens of engravings by Mr. Scott, of Glasgow, have been forwarded for our inspection, which he informs us are engraved by a novel process, that is, by one aqua-tinta ground; parts which at first sight appear to be etched being brought out by re-biting the original ground. We are assured the plates will stand as many impressions as the ordinary style of engraving, and they can be done at a far less cost. The two prints we have seen (one of them Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," on rather a large scale) are certainly very effective, but they are deficient in delicacy and refinement.

**TASSEL FASTENER.**—Our lady-readers will thank us for calling their attention to an ornamental and useful invention by Mr. Dismore, of Liverpool, for fastening cloaks, mantles, &c. It consists of two pins which may be made of the cheapest or most costly manufacture, from each of which a chain terminating with tassels is suspended; these chains work upon a small block or pulley, and the pins being inserted one on each side of the garment, it may be loosened or tightened at the discretion of the wearer by merely drawing together the chains. As an application of an ingenious design to a useful purpose, it is worthy of mention in our columns.

**ROBBERY OF AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.**—A most singular robbery has been lately committed at the residence of Mr. MacIse, R.A., his house having been entered and his painting-room plundered of as many as nineteen sketches and studies in oil; several small bronzes and various books were also taken from another apartment. To add to the loss which this accomplished artist has sustained, the thieves have taken what we know he values more than his purse,—the very portfolio to which he was constantly referring for the pictures he is now engaged upon; this contained upwards of one hundred sketches and "bits," with sundry memoranda and writings from his personal friends. It is difficult to account for this extraordinary theft, which cannot have been effected for the mere purpose of gain, as the rogues could scarcely hope to turn the pictures into money. If offered for sale without the artist's name, few would be found to purchase them from ignorance of their value; and if with it, the matter would be easily detected. We would, however, caution persons who deal in pictures and other works of Art, who may happen to have such property as Mr. MacIse has lost brought to them for disposal, to make all necessary inquiry that they may be satisfied of their being honestly come by, before a purchase is made.

**THE ROYAL ETCHINGS. PRINCE ALBERT v. STRANGE.**—Sir J. K. Bruce on the 16th ult. delivered judgment in this case, which had stood over from the preceding month. His Honour's address, which occupied two hours in the delivery, is well worth a careful perusal; it contains much sound argument both on points of law and equity, clothed in forcible and eloquent diction. Its length, however, entirely precludes us from giving even an abbreviated report of it; but we cannot refrain from quoting the concluding observations which not only embody the verdict, but bear out the remarks we offered when writing on the subject last month: "I think not only that the defendant here is unlawfully invading the plaintiff's rights, but also that the invasion is of such a kind, as it affects this property, as to entitle the plaintiff to the present mode of injunction; and if not the more, cer-

tainly not the less, because it is an intrusion—an unbecoming and unseemly intrusion, an intrusion not alone in breach of conventional manners, but offensive to that innate sense of propriety which is national and individual, if intrusion can fitly describe that which is a sordid prying into the privacy of domestic life, into the home—a word hitherto sacred amongst us—into the home of a family, of a family whose private life forms not their only unquestionable title to the most marked respect. To relax the restraint that has been imposed upon the defendant is, consequently, what I am not now, at least, disposed to do." It will thus be perceived that the injunction originally obtained remains in full force; while with respect to the affidavits filed subsequently to October referring to another defendant, Judge, the Vice-Chancellor stated, that the motion for admitting them must, likewise, for the present be refused, with an understanding that the suits in both cases should be heard next Trinity term.

**FREEMASONS OF THE CHURCH.**—The first meeting of this society for the present year was held at 49, Great Marlborough Street, on January 9, on which occasion a very valuable paper was read by D. Wilson, Esq., Sec. R.S.S.A., on the Architectural and Decorative peculiarities of the recently destroyed Church of the Holy Trinity, Edinburgh. The principal point of the paper consisted of an attempt to prove that certain ornaments and arrangements were in vogue in Scotland long before their introduction into this country—an assertion which, if true, must greatly affect the nomenclature of Gothic architecture at present in use. Among the works of Art and antiquity exhibited before the meeting, were an oriental casket of ivory of the most elegant design, the property of Mr. Jarman; a rubbing taken by Mr. W. Harry Rogers from an ornamental trinket case of French execution of the fifteenth century from the collection of the late Sir S. Meyrick; and another casket probably intended for the reception of jewels, contributed on the part of Mr. George Isaacs. The latter object engaged considerable attention from its miniature-like imitation of architectural forms. The sides and top are elaborately carved into Gothic tracery, with the occasional introduction of fleur-de-lys and foliage, while the angles are formed of delicate slender columns, having twisted shafts and moulded capitals and bases. The subject for the coming month is—"On the importance of a knowledge and observance of the principles of Art by Designers," by Mr. W. Smith Williams.

**PICTURE CLEANING.**—Considerable excitement has been created in the circles of Edinburgh in consequence of the treatment to which some of the valuable paintings in the Royal Institution have recently been subjected. According to the statements made in the Scottish papers, and confirmed to us by other authorities, it appears that several of the finest of these works were placed in the hands of a picture-cleaner to be cleaned and restored, and that while undergoing the ordeal, two noble "Vandykes" and a "Poussin" have received irreparable injury, as well as others of less importance. The question is asked of the Directors whether the opinion of competent artists was taken as to the necessity of their being submitted at all to the cleaner, and whether, if so, a sufficient surveillance was kept over his proceedings in order that no mischief might be done. The latter could not have been the case, for there are in Edinburgh a host of practical men well skilled in such matters, whose opinions ought to have weight above the mean mechanical restorer, or the judgment of a non-professional "Board." There is also, we believe, a curator of this gallery who ought to have known something of what was going forward. We are ourselves entirely ignorant of the facts of the case, but have seen them so represented as to leave us no alternative but to state what has been already made public, that those most concerned may have the opportunity of exculpating themselves from the charge of ignorance or neglect in a matter of so much importance.

**THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.**—The Council of this Society, to which we alluded about six months since, is now formed; we shall find occasion next month to refer more fully to it.



## REVIEWS.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO, ILLUSTRATED  
IN A SERIES OF THIRTY WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.  
Issued by THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

It was a wise and fortunate determination on the part of the Art-Union Society, to distribute to their subscribers such a work as the one before us; and it was equally judicious to preclude any artist from submitting more than one composition. Yet, however varying in style and subject, a spirit of harmony appears to pervade the whole, as if worked with a common feeling, and that too a feeling in entire unison with the matter in hand, so that it is difficult to imagine there had been no preconcerted embodiment of ideas among the artists engaged. We would not hereby imply that all have been equally happy in the execution of their tasks, for amid so large a number, glimpses of comparative inferiority were reasonably to be expected; but these are mere specks which scarcely dim the brightness of the accumulated mass. Milton's exquisitely beautiful poems supply abundant materials for the artist's fancy, from their varied imagery and lofty descriptions; they are dreams of enchantment, but so closely allied with nature as almost to realise the every-day experience of what we either see, or hear, or feel; they are the creations of the Poet's contemplative mind, drawn, not from the world of fiction, but of fact: and truth is ever the most solid foundation on which the painter can erect the monuments of his Art.

In noticing this series of engravings our space will only permit a brief reference. 1. "Hence, loathed Melancholy!" engraved by S. Williams, after G. Scharf, is a most agreeable composition, in which a troop of joyous maidens advances to meet the Poet (so we judge by the likeness) who, with his right hand, discards his late unwelcome companion. 3. "Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee," engraved by E. T. Thompson, is, if we mistake not, a passage from Mr. Frost's admirable picture of this subject exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. 4. "And at my Window bid Good-morrow," engraved by W. Measom, after R. Huisson, is full of the artist's exuberant and poetical fancy. 5. "And every Shepherd tells his Tale," is engraved by J. Bastin, from a design by Absolon; it is a charming bit of rusticity. 8. "Where Corydon and Thyrsis met," J. Thompson, after Topham; may lay claim to a similar appellation. 9. "And Young and Old come forth to Play," engraved by W. T. Green: we at once recognise Mr. Goodall's excellencies in this species of composition; we should much like to see this painted as a companion to his "Village Festival," in the Vernon Gallery. 12. "There let Hymen oft appear," engraved by G. Dalziel, after J. Tenniel, is poetical, but has much of the German School in its character. 13. "Then to the well-trod Stage anon," engraved by E. Dalziel, fully sustains Kenny Meadows' humorous fancies. 14. "Lap me in soft Lydian Airs," engraved by W. T. Green, after H. K. Browne; few would know the comic "Phiz" in this classical and truly delicate composition.

The first engraving which illustrates "Il Penseroso" is No. 16, by E. Armitage, engraved by M. Jackson, "Hail, divinest Melancholy!" it is a well-conceived subject, admirable in drawing. 18. "Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure," by W. C. Thomas, engraved by M. Jackson; possesses considerable poetical feeling, and makes a highly effective picture. 23. "Where I may oft out-watch the Bear," engraved by M. Jackson, from a drawing by J. Gilbert; represents the astronomer at his nightly studies,—the words of the Poet have been rendered with much truthfulness and imagination. 28. "There in close Covert by some Brook," by E. M. Ward, A.R.A., engraved by W. T. Green, is a charming composition,—refined and fanciful. 30. "The Peaceful Hermitage," engraved by H. Vizetelly, after J. D. Harding; though last in the volume, is by no means the least in merit; indeed, we much doubt whether there be one which surpasses it in the essentials of genuine Art. The landscape portion of the series, to which no allusion has been made, is well sustained by the contributions of Messrs. Leitch, Dodgson, H. Warren, Duncan, and Hulme; there is also a capital interior by D. Roberts, R.A.

We have devoted thus much space to a review of this book, not only because we think it deserving of it, or even more; but also because we believe the Art-Union of London has moved a long step onwards in furtherance of its avowed object to encourage Art in all its departments. We sincerely wish its other efforts had been as successful, for we are sure that every subscriber with this work in his hand must admit that his guinea has

realised its value; the plates are, without exception, highly meritorious, and exceedingly creditable to the various engravers employed in their execution: most of them are beautiful examples of the Art.

DOCTOR BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS. By  
M. A. TITMARSH. Published by CHAPMAN  
& HALL, London.

Mr. M. A. Titmarsh may think, if he pleases, that he has an affection for boys; but he is mistaken; he likes them very well so long as they are tumbling about in petticoats, when it is no easy matter to tell a pretty boy from a bouncing girl, but he does not really care about them; to use a homely phrase, "his heart is not with them;" consequently this clever brochure is rather a succession of cold *chills* than a genial, or even amusing, Christmas book; and we do not wonder at it, the young tyrants of this creation are only interesting to their mamas, or, if unusually well-behaved, to their grandmamas; but society at large would be rather improved by their being extinguished during their passage from ten to twenty. The only creation under the paternal care of Doctor Birch, with whom his biographer sympathises, is Miss Raby. He has so completely the artistic power of dashing off a character with a few strokes of his pen, that the girl is at once before you. You see she has a loving tender heart the moment she places that little curl of silken hair in her work-box; and you are well pleased when Captain Davison comes to take her away. The sketch of Miss Raby is altogether natural and charming: all Mr. M. A. Titmarsh's sympathies lie that way. But the gem of this, and of all other books published this season, is what the author pleases to call "The Epilogue." The sentiments of this delicious poem are not new—they are born of every day experience, but they have never been so exquisitely developed, so well and so thoughtfully harmonised:

"I'd say we suffer and we strive  
Not less, nor more, as men, than boys;  
With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
As erst at twelve, in corduroys,  
And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray heaven, that early love and truth  
May never wholly pass away."

The play and variety of the poem is as charming as its construction; every line is full of philosophy, and what is better still—true poetry. Yet you never dream of a sermon, though the heart, however hard and careless when you commenced, overflows with perfect faith and trust in God's all-caring wisdom ere the book is closed, when perhaps you express your astonishment at the "well of sweet waters" into which Titmarsh has dipped his pen, and wonder—as the public did, that Thomas Hood, whom it profanely dared to consider a punster, should have written "The Bridge of Sighs."

MEMORIALS OF EDINBURGH IN THE OLDEN  
TIME. By DANIEL WILSON, F.R.S., S.A.  
Published by HUGH PATON, Edinburgh.

In the annals of the city of Edinburgh there is certainly more of romance, and for its size, not less of interesting historical matter than in those of London. Apart from the legitimate history of the place, there is an abundant fund of personal and picturesque narrative to which the graver historians of Edinburgh have not stooped. Nothing could be more felicitous than the gatherings of Mr. Robert Chambers, given to the public as "Traditions." From these, however, the two volumes, which we here notice, differ, as also from the heavy though accurate histories of Maitland or Arnot. We find in this work a mass of matter forming no part of any other account of Edinburgh, and fully confirming the assertion of the author, that he had consulted hundreds of old charters, title-deeds, and records of various sorts. The volumes are abundantly illustrated, with a view to furnish examples of all the architectural styles that were to be found in the wynds and closes of the old town of Edinburgh. The letterpress of the first volume is thus divided:—Earliest Traditions, from the Accession of the Stuarts to the Death of James III., from the Accession of James III. to the Battle of Flodden, from the Battle of Flodden to the Death of James V., from the Death of James V. to the Abdication of Queen Mary, from the Accession of James VI. to the Restoration of Charles II., Historical Incidents after the Restoration. In the second volume the memorials are headed, The High Street, the High Street and Nether Bow, the Canongate and Abbey Sanctuary, the West Bow and Suburbs, &c.; and hence any inhabitant or temporary inhabitant of Edinburgh may at once understand how interesting are the details brought forward under those heads. The Castle figures of course prominently in these Memorials. In a

vignette in the second volume the extent of the buildings are shown in 1575, presenting an aspect very different from what is now seen. According to a hacknied saying, Paris is now France; we may hence call the High Street of Edinburgh, Scotland; for here of yore was the limited arena in which were contested their liberties and even the crown. We have no space to afford any extracts from the antiquarian or romantic portions of these volumes; we can only say, that all who are interested in the history of Edinburgh, will be amply gratified with the matter of which the narrative is constituted.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BAR-  
GAIN. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published  
by BRADBURY & EVANS, London.

We are a month too late with our notice of this delicious mysticism. It has been reviewed "everywhere," but we may still give to it a few words; for in its highly poetic construction it is more ideal than any of Mr. Dickens's former books. There will be more decidedly two opinions of this, than of any of his preceding tales. Many, who seek repetitions of "Sam Weller" and "Richard Swivellers," and whose comprehension of character is limited to these worthies, will be disappointed; while those whose refined minds take a wider range and enjoy in prose what may be compared to Tennyson's or Coleridge's poetry, will experience a rich treat in the shadowy outlines and the delicately moulded realities of this bewildering but entrancing volume. Every page is perfumed by love and charity, and the spirit of Christian duty and forbearance breathed throughout, is perfectly devoid of sectarian cant and preaching presumption. It is less "mannered" than anything Mr. Dickens has heretofore written: and it is marvellous how he combines strength and delicacy of description. For the latter, the few sentences uttered by Milly, telling of the influence the memory of her dead child has on her conduct to the living, are so instinct with female life,—so out, as it were, of the depths of woman's heart, that it is difficult to know by what power Mr. Dickens has extracted them. He frequently astonishes us with this instinctive knowledge of human nature—of every one's nature! And this comes in admirable relief to the "shadows" with which the chemist, Redlaw, is surrounded.

AN HISTORICAL ENQUIRY INTO THE TRUE PRIN-  
CIPLES OF BEAUTY IN ART. By JAMES  
FERGUSON, Esq., Architect. Published by  
LONGMAN & Co., London.

This volume consisting of 536 pages and abundant illustrations, is only the first part of the projected work, and consists of Essays on Egyptian Art—Western Asiatic Art—Grecian—Etruscan—and finally Roman Art. The second part is intended to treat of Eastern Asiatic Art, from the earliest times to the present day—containing a sketch, not only of the Buddhist and Hindoo styles of the Peninsula of India, but also of the neighbouring countries of Afghanistan, Ceylon, Burmah, and Thibet, and extending also to Java and China. Mahomedan Art will be considered, as also Byzantine and Gothic.

The book before us therefore constitutes the first part of this projected work. The Art sections are severally headed:—Phonetic Arts, Politic Arts, Beauty in Art, The Sublime in Art, Beauty of Association, &c. &c. Many of the propositions held by the writer are at least novel. Speaking of the expressive power of Art, he says, "Sculpture and painting, even in their boldest flights, have never reached, or attempted, the highest mode of human utterance, nor do I think it probable they ever will. Narrative and imagination are more especially their province, and then they often rival words, not only in vividness, but in conception also."

This utterance is described as "man confining himself to the observation of God's works for his facts, and using his reason alone to draw from them those beautiful and sublime conclusions which are the highest aim, so far as we know, that he can reach to. Inasmuch as the true end of Art is a faithful reflection of nature, we can by no means agree, that, as far as the limit of Art admits, this utterance has not been attempted. It is practice alone that teaches the limit of the language of painting and sculpture, and this absolute boundary determined, it is impossible for the artist in anywise to entertain the theories which lie beyond. In the chapters treating of the Art of Egypt, many new views and ingenious propositions are brought forward on the Egyptian race and their institutions—the successive dynasties, and especially upon the pyramids and temples—the whole being profusely illustrated with cuts and diagrams.

**LENDING A BITE.** Painted by W. MULREADY, R.A. Engraved by H. C. SHENTON. Published by J. HOGARTH, London.

There is a vast amount of quiet drollery in Mr. Mulready's pictures—a quaint dry humour pervading every portion of them. Though his subjects are often culled from rustic adventures, boyish amusements and roguish trickeries, and common scenes of ordinary life, he exhibits no violation of the most scrupulous propriety; his works are pictured stories told with the refined pencil of a pure mind. Equal to the best of the old masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools in conception and execution, he is without the indelicacy manifest in many of their productions. "Lending a Bite" will be remembered among the works by Mr. Mulready exhibited at the Society of Arts last year; it is therefore unnecessary that we should describe the picture further than to say a young rustic most grudgingly "lends a bite" of an apple to a companion who seems accidentally to have come in his way. Among the lookers-on are an Italian organ-grinder and his monkey; the latter crouched *vis-à-vis* to a shaggy dog, seems also expecting a "bite," but not of the apple. Mr. Shenton has most truthfully rendered the artist's meaning, and given to the engraving the entire character of the original; it is executed in line with much force and delicacy, and cannot fail to become popular.

**PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.** Engraved and published by C. W. WASS, Adam Street, Adelphi.

The forms and features of distinguished characters are of universal interest; they become, as it were, the property of all mankind, not only of the generation in which they lived, but of every succeeding period; indeed, are of more historical value to those who know not the living man, than to those who walked with him on the platform of the earth, and marked his career of honour and renown. In this respect, therefore, portraiture may be regarded as the most important application of the Arts, giving to the future all that can be rescued from the grasp of mortality—a rich legacy from the treasure-house of the good and great. This portrait of Mr. Etty is a tribute of filial affection: it was painted by himself, at the wish of his mother, about twenty-five years ago, and consequently represents him in the prime of manhood. It is almost in profile; but the face is remarkably intelligent, and the mouth expresses much energy and perseverance: there is no doubt of its being a very faithful likeness of the artist at the period when taken. Mr. Wass has made a most effective mezzotinto engraving of his subject, at which we are sure he has worked *con amore*.

**RUDIMENTARY ARCHITECTURE.** By W. H. LEEDS. Published by JOHN WEALE, London.

This is one of a series of elementary works in the sciences and the useful Arts. The design which Mr. Leeds has studied to produce, is to make the non-professional acquainted with the *Art of Architecture* in the simplest and yet most comprehensive form; so as to give him as much knowledge of its principles and their application as will enable him rightly to appreciate its beauties, while at the same time he is cultivating his taste. The chief points embraced in the book are the "Orders" as existing in what is generally known as Classical Architecture: these Orders the author has explained and described in a clear and succinct manner, divesting his remarks of all superfluous technicalities, and pointing out to the reader where he may meet with the best examples of each, and the rules by which these examples, both ancient and modern, have been constructed. We do not remember to have met with any publication of its class which we can more confidently recommend to the beginner. A short glossarial index at the end is not the least valuable portion of its contents.

**THE STOWE CATALOGUE, PRICED AND ANNOTATED.** By H. R. FORSTER. Published by D. BOGUE, London.

The interest taken by the public mind in the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's vast property at Stowe, was, during the close of the past year, of more universality than perhaps even that occasioned by the dispersion of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. Certainly, in point of extent, magnificence and duration, no other sale within a great number of years can have the smallest pretension to vie with that of Stowe. We have already, in a past number of the *Art-Journal*, made reference to the general character of the works of Art contained in the mansion of the Temples, and we are now compelled to revert to the Collection in conse-

quence of the publication, by Mr. Henry Ramsey Forster, of the Stowe Catalogue, priced and annotated. This document, interesting alike to those who did and those who did not visit the spot, is a valuable memento, showing the average estimation in which works of virtù are held at the present day, and preserving histories and associations connected with particular objects, from which they might otherwise have been forever separated. The volume is enriched with a considerable number of engravings from the principal gems of the sale, headed by an excellent mezzotinto of Rembrandt's giant work, "The Unmerciful Servant," purchased by the Marquis of Hertford for 2200 guineas. The pages are also interspersed with anecdotes of the auction and dissertations as to the date, style, origin, and authenticity or non-authenticity of various works of special importance. A history of the Grenville family is attached, accompanied by a list of all the theories which have from time to time been advanced respecting the celebrated Chandos Shakespeare. As one of the best illustrated catalogues ever placed before the public, we cordially recommend the book before us to all who feel interested in the vicissitudes of the productions of ancient Art.

**EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.** By ACHETA DOMESTICA, M.E.S. Published by REEVE, BENIAM, & REEVE, London.

This volume might have been called the poetry of the insect world; it toys with natural history as though it were a fairy tale, and leaves as much to the legendary as the actual. It is said, in a thoughtful and charming preface, that "few can entirely lack opportunity for becoming more observant of nature's wonders—more impressible to her influence and her teachings, or more alive to the superior intelligence visible in her works," and it is added that "on nothing, perhaps, are the signs of that intelligence more obviously impressed, than on the operations of insects, which, as creatures pre-eminently under the rule of instinct, attest as pre-eminently,

"The mind that guides them is divine!"

It has puzzled many to say where instinct ends, and where reason begins; to us the insect world has always been full of deep interest, pregnant with mystery as well as beauty. It is impossible to imagine a more charming country companion than this beautiful volume—a poem, in fact, from the first page to the last. The illustrations are excellent and faithful; each tells a story illustrative of the habits of the class of insects to which reference is made; and they are printed in colours with admirable accuracy and effect. The book deserves a first place amongst the favourites of the year.

**STUDIES OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.** By C. J. RICHARDSON, M.J.B.A., F.S.A. Published by WEALE, 1848. London.

The study of Decorative Art has been for so long time on the increase in this country, that it has given birth to a multitude of publications of ancient examples, which, were it not for the feeling of the age, might never have been brought to light. The young designer can only perfect his labours by a diligent study of these works, which reveal all the resources of ornament under the various mutations it has undergone, and form a stock of information which can never be too much enlarged. Under these circumstances, we hail with pleasure every addition to the student's library, which will now include Mr. Richardson's book on Ornamental Design. The work in question consists of a variety of subjects taken from antique sculpture, Italian architecture, ancient glass, and cinque-cento embroidery, drawn with masterly fidelity and beautifully "got up." The tapestry patterns and diapers are especially valuable and suggestive acquisitions. But there is, nevertheless, a want of unity in the book as a whole, which will be a barrier to that success that, as a work of much study and expense, it certainly merits. It appears either that too much has been grasped at once, or that too little has been offered upon each department that the author has undertaken. The letterpress is in every sense worthy of Mr. Richardson's position and research.

**A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM.** Published by — WRIGHT.

This is one of the most charming stories we ever read; it may be compared to a new-found violet, or an early primrose, or the first May rose, or the song of the lark floating between heaven and earth; it is real, simple, pure in intention, and full of the best philosophy. We thank the author heartily, and hope Easter, Midsummer, or, at farthest, Christmas, may bring us such another story.

**THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: A MANUAL OF SACRED VERSE.** By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A. Published by A. HALL & Co., London.

The author of these poems came before the public, and was acknowledged as a poet of extraordinary eloquence and power, at an age when youths, if they attempt to soar, do it with unfledged wings, and often flutter to destruction. Flattered, admired, and wondered at, Mr. Montgomery numbered numerous men of letters as his fast friends, but was too successful not to have created enemies. To one of these he alludes in his introduction to the present most sacred and interesting volume. "The Omnipresence of the Deity," which we may add has arrived at its twenty-fifth edition, as now published, has been corrected almost into a new poem, when compared with the early editions. "This," its author adds, "appears to be unknown or forgotten by certain writers; hence the sarcasm which appeared some sixteen years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*, and since republished with Mr. Macaulay's name, only serves to perpetuate verbal errors, and defective lines, which no longer exist, except in his criticism."

There are very few authors who would thus so frankly admit their faith in the opinion of a reviewer, particularly in one so tremendously severe on the enthusiastic production of a young poet, as the writer in the *Edinburgh* had been, in a criticism, able in itself, but impotent as a destructive weapon, against one who has established his reputation amongst a host of admirers.

The present volume of poems has a double claim on our admiration; it is winged by charity. Mr. Montgomery, from its commencement, gave the Hospital for the Cure of Consumption a fixed place in his affections. His is no lagging love; zealous and earnest in whatever he undertakes; wherever he could find a church, he was ready to preach a sermon for the sake of alleviating the tortures of this cruel disease, and eventually, it is to be hoped, exterminating it altogether. He has been, perhaps, with the exception of Mr. Philip Rose and Miss Jenny Lind, its greatest benefactor; and not content with devoting his eloquence in the pulpit to its support, he has sent forth "The Christian Life" in aid of its funds.

There is less preaching, and more poetry in this volume, than the public meet with in poems called religious; our modern "Canticles" are either sectarian, or lectures done into rhyme; but these are *spiritual poems*, some of them mingling the simple and the sublime, so as to afford the truest pleasure to the Christian, as well as to the poetic reader. Those called "The Beatitudes," are composed quite in the spirit of the holy sentences they illustrate; but there are two poems very full of interest to those who have watched the progress, the rising up of the walls, and the propelling of the same, of the great Charity we have already alluded to. One is called "The Dying Girl," and dedicated to Mr. Rose, as the founder of the Hospital; the other, called "The Hospital." "The Dying Girl" is certain to find an echo in but too many English breasts, for the disease has made many homes desolate; and the poem is so full of pictures, so true to nature, so wailing as to the passing away from the young of the young world, which they must love, however hopeful of the future, that we consider it as a true and tender record of what occurs around us day by day.

We wish we could quote the poem, but those who have watched the progress of the disease must feel the force of the following lines:—

"Seldom she sighs, but veils within  
Much that would grieve fond Love to know,  
And when some pensive tears begin,  
She tries to check their overflow.  
Safe in the arms of Jesus rests her soul,  
Nor does the early grave with gloom the mind control."

"Not for herself, but for the heart  
Of love parental she could weep;  
And often in her dreams will start,  
And make some watching gazer weep,  
As faintly through her lips there steals a word—  
And, 'Oh, my mother dear!' is like low music heard."

What follows reminds us of a picture by Redgrave or Prentiss.

"She dies, as Beauty ever dies,  
When sad Consumption finds a tomb:  
With brilliance in her deep-set eyes,  
And on her face a beat'less bloom.  
No harsh transition, but a soft decay,  
Like dream-born tones of Night, that melt by dawn away."

We rejoice to see the Poet's feelings as earnest in the fullness of manhood, after twenty years' wear and tear, both in and out of the pulpit, as they were in his young days, and we expect as well as desire for this volume the popularity that sent his poems into every English home.